

MOVIE TOPICS.

10¢

Pantomime

March 25

Weekly

4 JOBS in the MOVIES for YOU

Why I Married Again

By Pauline Frederick

Breakfast with Ben Turpin

Niles Welch the Bolshevik

Stories by

Jack Holt

Constance Binney

and others

*Betty Compson
Theodore Kosloff*



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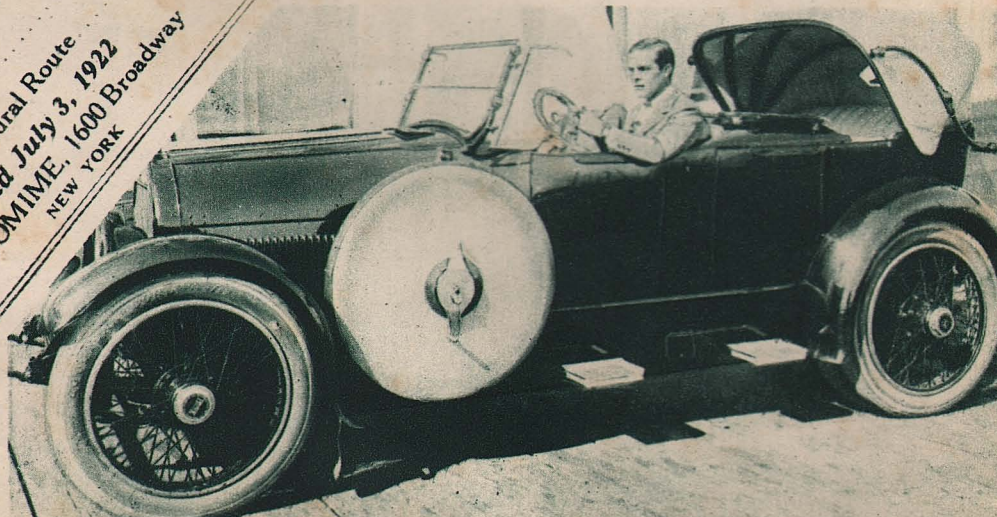
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MARCH 25, 1922

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Who says Movie Stars haven't a tough job—on cold days? The above scene, for instance, was "shot" when the thermometer was hovering around the w. k. zero mark. It shows a neat study in contrasts. Note the heavy overcoat with which Director Frank Urson is bundled up—as compared to the thin stuff draping Mary Miles Minter. And Mary had to smile and look happy. The fruit, of course, is nothing but wax.

So I Said to the Press Agent

By Vic and Cliff

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Each week on this page, the editor and his chief assistant will chat on this and that, principally that. They intend to express their honest convictions (never too seriously) and do not ask you to agree with them. Nor do they ask you, particularly, to disagree with them. Use your own judgment. There will be some "knocks," a few "boosts" and a general attempt at fairness all around.

SPEAKING generally, you can say most anything about a press agent and be pretty nearly right.

But whatever you say, you've got to admit one thing: They usually are "sold" on their own stuff.

That is to say, they really believe the picture they happen to be boosting at the time is the greatest ever put out by anybody.

It may be merely a form of self hypnosis. Probably it is. But they believe it just the same. Which is a good thing, because otherwise most of them probably would throw up their jobs and really go to work!

For instance, there is a chap whose office is hard by that of PANTOMIME, Brown by name. He draws pay from a man named Ince.

A few weeks ago Mr. Ince put out what he called a "super-feature" entitled "Hail the Woman."

Came suddenly a telegram telling Brown all about this super-feature. A couple of days thereafter came the film for a very strictly private showing.

And then into our sanctum sanctorum came Mr. Brown, all elated, jubilant, alive with the fact that he had the greatest feature that had ever taken two-bit pieces away from the unsuspecting public.

Cliff and I doubted it. Being friendly with him, we told him so. But was he feazed? Not a bit of it. He thought we were kidding him. He was so sure that he invited us up to the First National projection room to look it over ourselves.

We went. We saw. We came away—silent!

Now, it is seven floors down from the projection rooms of the First National to the ground—and some of the elevators are "express" and some of them aren't. The one we were on wasn't. So Brown caught us at the ground floor.

He looked something like the Cheshire cat in "Alice in Wonderland." Which is to say, he was just naturally tickled to death. But he tried to hide it.

"Well," he bubbled, "What did you think of it?"

Whereupon the exhausted patience of Cliff burst forth—and for once in his life he said what he really thought.

He began by saying the whole darn thing was rotten. Then he asked why in the name of Sam Hill a beautiful, inherently pure girl, who had made up her mind to sell herself would do it just for a pair of baby shoes when the baby and she herself were both starving? Why not get a club sandwich at least?

In the second place, why should a girl to whom even so much as an evil thought was repugnant pick out a Bowery loafer when she had chances to get so many men whom she really liked?

Thirdly, why dive to disgrace for shoes for a baby who couldn't even walk? And why not at least get stockings—because the picture showed the baby didn't have any?

And lastly, as they used to say, is it decent for a fallen woman to send her spooky ghost back and pan an innocent child on the head while his still more innocent mother is getting ready to marry—thereby scaring both mother and child to death and just raising hell generally?

Brown listened to us with a fading smile.

But was he convinced the film was rotten? He was not.

He still thinks we were kidding him.

PETE SMITH was in the office this week.

Pete is the original, or nearly so, of the genus press agent.

We thought something had happened to Pete for it had been nearly six weeks since we were notified that Micky Neilan was the world's greatest director. Pete is press agent for Micky. When he came into the office we discovered that he had been playing wet nurse to Wesley Barry on a tour of personal appearances.

"It's great stuff," says Pete. "Everybody wanted me to give them the low down on the Taylor case. Because I live in Hollywood they thought I ought to know all about it. I had to disappoint but couldn't get out of telling them some of the horrid details of dissipation in Hollywood."

"I admitted that I had seen several flagrant cases of dissolution. One night, about half past nine I saw a man come out of one of the biggest drug stores in the city. He just got outside the door when he sprinkled some white powder on the back of his hand and sniffed it eagerly. Then he turned around and went back into the drug store. I followed him and was there in time to hear him say: 'You gave me lily of the valley and I wanted lilac.'"

"Even the children are loose morally. One evening Wesley Barry insisted on my going out to his home when his aunt was out. We lowered all the curtains in the house, and turned out all the lights except one in the best room in the house. Wes produced a piece of white stuff and drew a ring in the middle of the rug and we played marbles until nearly half past nine."

"Of course they wanted to know about the wild women of the place—if they really pursued men the way it had been reported. I had to tell them about one night just after leaving a building where

I had a business appointment in the down-town district, I was accosted in a familiar manner by one of the prettiest and most lovable girls I ever saw in my life.

"How about a little drink before we turn in for the night?" she asked, staring me boldly in the eye.

"Listen, sweetie, I said, 'I guess you'll have to pay for this'."

"That's about all I've been doing since I married you," she retorted.

"Then Mrs. Smith and myself went on home."

That's Pete's version of the toughness of Los Angeles. Pete says they are the worst stories he could tell.

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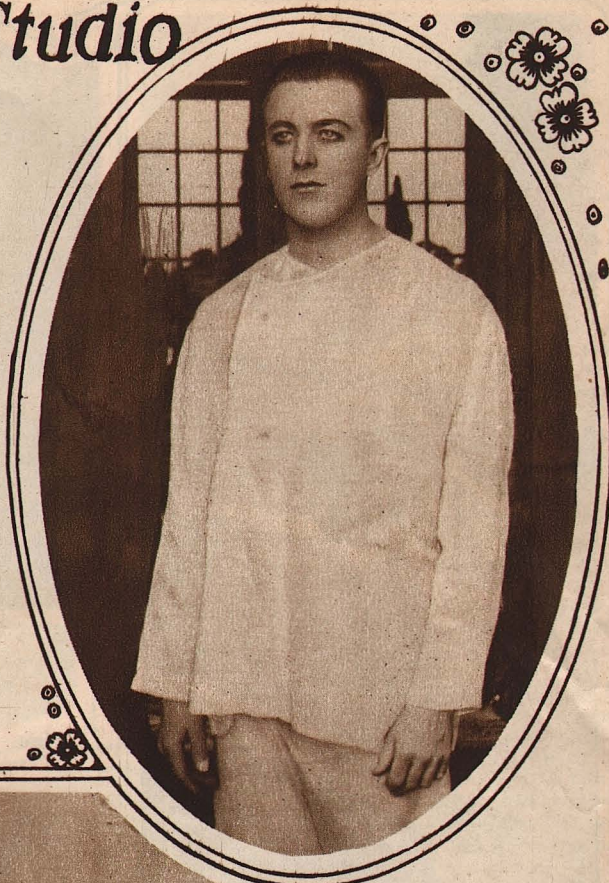
Our duty is sacred—for Pantomime, the mother of the Moving Picture, determines the future—deter-

mines it because Visualization is the mother of Thought. And Thought controls the destiny of the nation.

Outside The Studio



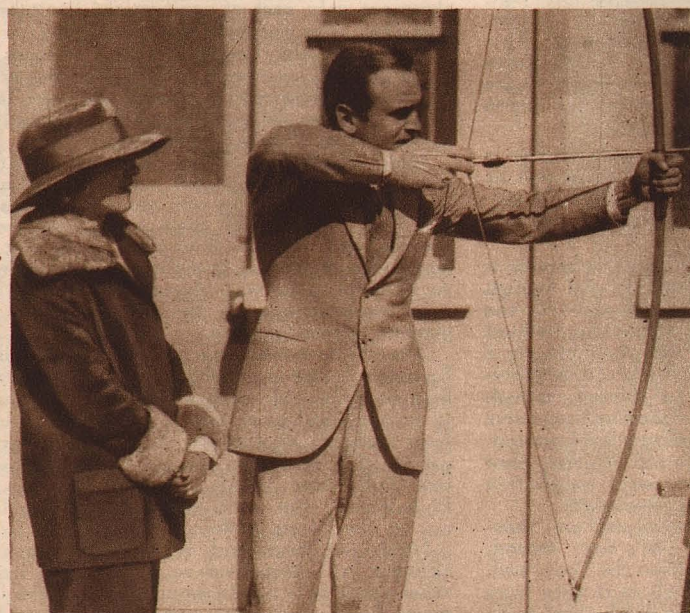
Viora Daniel, in practicing for her next comedy, got a great deal more than the title of the picture — "Cold Feet"—called for. Until she got used to snow shoes there was a whole lot more of her than her feet that came in contact with the snow.



There are always leaves to be raked in the woods of California, and that's kinda lucky for Marcia Manon, for raking leaves is the exercise she enjoys most. Of course, she isn't old enough to have done it much, still—rather a rakish life for a youngster, eh, woi?



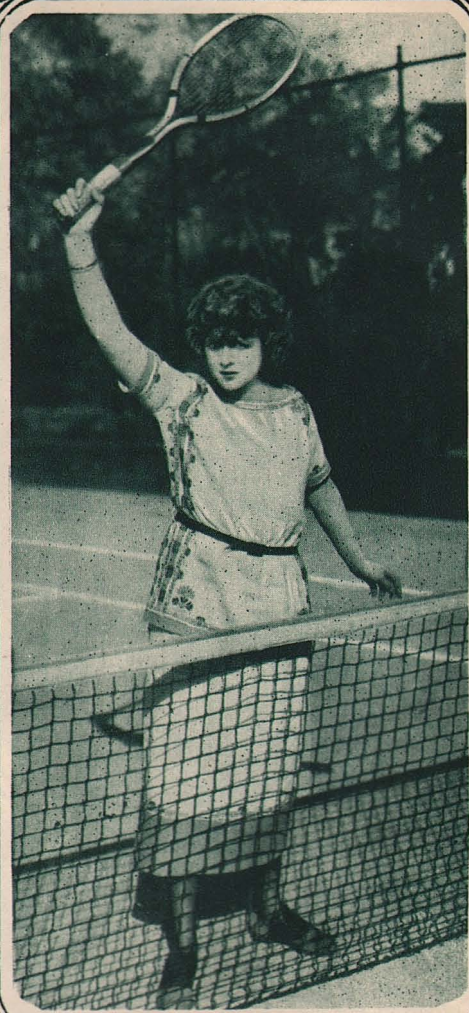
And here is Eugene O'Brien in a convict's suit which has been to the laundry so often the stripes are washed out. We trust this picture was taken outside the studio, for we'd hate to think that he got up so late one morning that he didn't have time to change.



Doug Fairbanks' next picture is laid in England at the time of the crusades and he is practicing archery every spare moment. It takes a wife to tell a man how rotten he is, so of course, it is Mary Pickford who is acting as the critic.



Eddie Polo has a most persistent chaperon in the person of his clever daughter, Malbeen, ever since he went in business for himself. Here he is greeting Eileen Sedgwick, who used to be his leading lady, with Malbeen curiously interested.



Above—Ruth has a reputation for being able to shoot over a wicked serve.

Right—Katherine MacDonald likes to play up close to the net.

Left—It's hard to keep your mind on the game when you're playing with Mildred Davis—she's too easy to look at.

Court Stuff

By Ruth Roland

LAWN TENNIS is generally considered an old-time game—but it isn't. As a matter of fact, its origin in its present form dates back less than thirty years. But it did have an ancestor, although its genealogy is a bit obscure. The best of authorities disagree as to its direct parentage. All agree, however, that the game of today has features very reminiscent of the older sports.

The amusement lovers of ancient Rome were the first people known to have played with a ball in a game in which a number of players tossed or struck a ball from one point to another for sport.

In Europe, however, the first record of Tennis occurred in the Middle Ages, when a crude game, which afterwards developed into Court Tennis, was the favorite sport of the Italian and French Kings and Queens. The game came to France from Italy and both played it assiduously in the open air. Later it became a favorite game with the masses and in the years following Tennis gradually evolved into a popular pastime.

As one Tennis authority has rightfully said: "The day will come in America when the Tennis professional will be as much the equipment of a tennis club as the golf professional is now of the golf club—in other words, the proper way to learn how to play tennis is to start with a good teacher and devote one's self exclusively to form. Certain correct principles as to hitting the ball, holding the racket, footwork and body balance are best learned from a teacher who will take care that the beginner starts on the right track."

However, not everyone can afford such an instructor and most of us, when we start playing Tennis, think it's simply a matter of hitting the ball so it will fall into the court on the opposite side of the net. We do not consider just how the swing is made and seldom make our stroke twice in the same form. Of course, no two persons can make precisely the same motions—neither do two people ever make the same kind of a drive in golf for that matter—but one can retain the natural motions and yet by practice

evolve the "machine-like stroke" that makes for good Tennis.

Do not hit the ball with a short, jerky movement, entirely with an arm movement, but use and co-ordinate the entire muscular system of your body toward obtaining a long, free stroke.

Good Tennis is scientific and splendid mental, as well as physical exercise. One must not only stand correctly, but also watch that the feet are in correct position as well. I mean you must see that your weight is evenly divided on both feet, which should be on a line parallel to the net, with the balance thrown slightly forward. This position permits of a quick start in any given direction and the racket, held in both hands across the body, gives a steadiness as one moves to hit the ball.

When waiting for service, always remember to *balance the racket in both hands*; and it will be found a great aid to speed if the racket is invariably returned to that position after making any return stroke.

The principal thing to remember in service is that the ball should be hit from a point as high as possible above the head. In regard to the speed, the ball should be only hit sufficiently hard as is consistent with the certainty of placing a large percentage within the bounds of the receiving court. The ball should be "placed" enough at least to interfere with a sharp and aggressive return; for many excellent players are kept constantly in trouble by being forced to a very slow and safe second service, because of too swift a first ball, with its consequent irregularity.

The three main points to this play are, then: first, the correct position of one's feet; second, keeping the ball far enough from the body, and, third, whether to play the ball as it rises from the ground or as it drops from the highest point of the bound.

In hitting the ball, the racket should be held in a natural grip, which will allow the full face to be toward the ball.

The most important part of making the proper

swing is to keep the racket as nearly parallel to the ground as possible. In other words, the head of the racket should not be allowed to drop below the line of the player's wrist. One who plays with his racket straight up and down will never gain steadiness nor be able to place the ball with any degree of precision.

Another well-known authority on Tennis has said: "While it is perfectly true that the foundation of good Tennis is a strong fore and backhand ground stroke, it is wise to keep in mind that these are only part of one's stroke equipment, and that from the first the aim should be to master a full assortment of strokes to meet all conditions of play—for it is only after mastering a complete repertory of strokes that one feels free to combine the back court and the volleying game, as they should be combined."

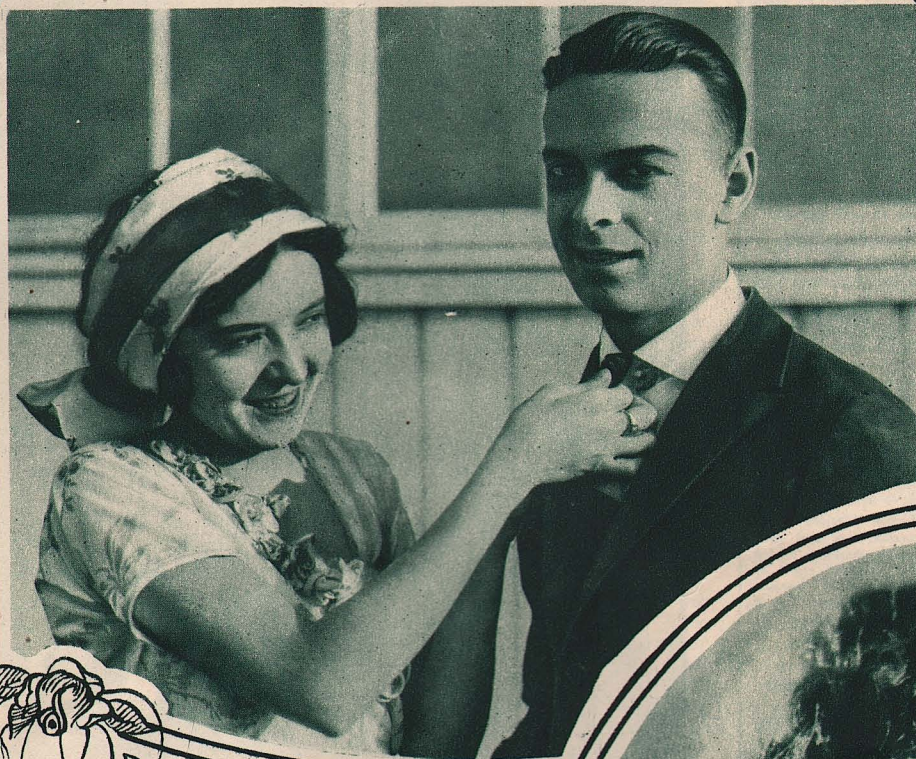
Major Walter C. Wingfield, of the British Army, is credited with the "invention of Lawn Tennis," and it was he who patented the game in 1874. His original game was played on a court shaped like an hour-glass, sixty feet in length and thirty feet in width at the base lines. At first the game was played very slowly, but soon many changes in the rules permitted an increase of speedier play.

Almost simultaneously with its introduction into England, Tennis was brought to America and the first court was laid out by a Bostonian at Nahant (a seaside resort near Boston). A court at Newport made its appearance the following spring and in 1875 the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club added Tennis to its sports. Also, at Philadelphia, the same year, courts were laid out by the Young America Cricket Club.

Much has been said of the importance of *thinking* in Tennis—and as is true with every other sport, it is of *vast importance*. There is a reason for the way every point is played and if a player does not think and reason as to exactly "why I lost," or "how it was I was fortunate enough to win," he will never make much of a player. This, incidentally, applies just as truly to other games.

An Irish Lyric

By Myrtle Gebhart



No, she isn't trying
to vamp this young man.
We don't believe she could,
even if she wanted to. For
he happens to be her brother Clive, just lately out of
college. He works for Colleen as an extra.

SHE is a coral and crystal girl.
She reminds me of a Vysekai spring
landscape.

She is like ice-cream at a church sociable.

There is a sparkling flourish to Colleen Moore,
an Irish humor and naturalness. As I talked
with her the wistful tread of all the ingenues of
all the years passed mentally before me down the
carpet of memory. She is like unto none of them,
yet somehow seems to have captured a bit of
the grace of each. Colleen, by the way, has
ceased to be an ingenue—she now is the highest-
paid leading woman before the camera and I
wouldn't be at all surprised to see her tripping
out some day soon with a star contract tucked
under her arm.

Colleen is round and rosy and healthy—obvi-
ously corn-fed, though her press-agent might
prefer my using more romantic terms. But
there's nothing romantic about Colleen—she's
as natural as a glass of milk.

The day I talked last with her the weather was
like a vain debutante, casting meaningless, golden
glances from a blue-and-gold lacquered sky. It
seemed somehow a rightful shedding of light
upon one of the most colorful little personalities
I have met in a long, long time.

"Life," she said, when I asked her for some
startling statement so's I could put it in my
interview, "is a short period during which one
lives, loves and gets run over by automobiles.
As to the living, I'm doing it, with all my power!"

And let me interpose right here that Colleen
has a particular gift for the living of life so as to
get the most fun out of it—I do wish she would
give me her recipe!

"As to the autos—I'm tired of dodging," she
grinned vindictively, "so I have a car of my own

now, and I'm going to—" She broke off
suggestively, and I don't fancy it's going to be
very healthy for pedestrians around her neigh-
borhood. She bought a chauffeur to match the
new car, but his wife inherited \$20,000, so Colleen
now drives herself.

"About the love part—" I suggested tentatively,

"Oh, that!" she scoffed. "I haven't reached
that yet."

And no matter how hard I teased I couldn't
get any information about that gallant Irish
swain whose golden circlet she is rumored to be
considering.

"She has come up so suddenly," you hear on
every side.

"Discovered" by Griffith (who wasn't?), Col-
leen has shot up like a skyrocket. Five years
ago, when she was fifteen, she was en route home
to Tampa, Florida, from school in the Conserva-
tory of Music at Detroit. Stopping off in Chi-
cago to attend a friend's dinner-party, she met
Mr. Griffith, who offered her work in pictures.
She played the ingenue with Bobby Harron in
"The Bad Boy."

Though it is said she appealed to Mr. Griffith
because of her charming vivacity, he contradic-
torily started her along a weeping route, which
led her eventually to Marshal Neilan's colony of
lovely leading ladies. "Mickey," however,
brought out in her, besides her amazing ability
to start the showers on order, her real coquetry
and delightful personality.

She touched first base in her Christie comedy-
cocktails—in "So Long Letty." A queen
of comedy, she did not swim the
waterway high on the
beach above the tide to
fame in the weeping
maelstrom. She wept
first—mayhap



Col-
leen has
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be an in-
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est-paid leading
woman before the
camera.

turned to comedy as a relief. In "The Lotus
Eater" she suggested the present Colleen Moore
being brought to a high polish by Goldwyn—the
personality that so clings to your remembrance, a
mingling of laughter and tears.

Life is now in its morning. She sees everything

(Continued on page 30)

Three Times—and in to Stay

By Pauline Frederick

I THINK the answer to the above is that I had to acknowledge that I felt a good deal as *Clementina* did. *Clementina*, you know, is the dowdy artist heroine of W. J. Locke's well-known novel, and by a strange coincidence I was engaged in making a scene for my photoplay based on this story when I met Dr. Charles Rutherford, my husband.

Of course, it was not the first time I had met him—but it was the first time in eleven years, and one would think that my absolutely unattractive appearance in the garb of *Clementina* would have frightened him away. But it didn't seem to. It was just a few evenings later that he asked me to slip away with him to Santa Ana and be married. I consented.

It was something unpremeditated on my part. I had thought I would never marry again. But when a man tells you he has loved you faithfully for thirty-five years—well, they say love begets love and I guess that is true. No matter how independent she may be, a woman at last comes to the realization that she needs someone bigger and stronger than herself upon whom to lean. A career is all very well, but it cannot make up for the absence of love. And there is something so noble, so unselfish about a big love that remains faithful through such a long period of time that it would be a stolid woman indeed who did not at last give some response to it. Certainly, I am not that woman.

In Dr. Rutherford I have found all the qualities which I most admire in a man. To describe him—well, he is the sort of person who makes you think of football reunions when old grads. come back to college to tell how the school's traditional enemy was routed in their day. He suggests the college athlete of a few years ago who has had the wisdom to remain in condition. Big of frame, ruddy of face, he has the sort of personality which radiates good fellowship. He answers the description: a solid, substantial American citizen.

I don't think I could ever be attracted to a man who was not interested in the outdoors. I love it so myself. That's part of the charm of this big West for me. Dr. Rutherford is a graduate of McGill University in Montreal, and in 1899 and 1900 he held the record for the whole of Canada in the 120-yard hurdles, the high and broad jumps. He also won a reputation in football and baseball and although that was more than twenty years ago, he looks fit to go back and do it all over again.

Our romance? It began when we were both mere children. Dr. Rutherford and I are second cousins. My grandparents lived in Madrid, N. Y., and Dr. Rutherford's boyhood home was in Waddington, only a few miles

FOREWORD — When a woman has been disappointed in love and then marries the third time, there must be some interesting reason behind it.

That was the thought which came to us when we heard that Pauline Frederick had married a third time. We were curious to know as to why Dr. Charles A. Rutherford had appealed to her so strongly that she could forget the sorrows of her two previous experiences as a wife and take a third husband.

A woman might marry a third time, we reasoned, if she needed financial support. This could not apply to Miss Frederick, for her earnings are more than adequate for any demand she might make on them.

Again, the man chosen for a third husband might have had a part in wrecking the second venture. This did not apply to Miss Frederick.

Motion picture stars, of course, are not permitted the privacy which is the inherent right of less prominent people. Still, the reasons for a third marriage is rather an intimate thing. But we were curious, and finally presuming upon our position, we asked the question bluntly:

"Why did you marry a third time?"

The following is Miss Frederick's own answer.

THE EDITOR.



The bride and groom in the hall of the beautiful home of Miss Frederick in the heart of the Los Angeles film colony.

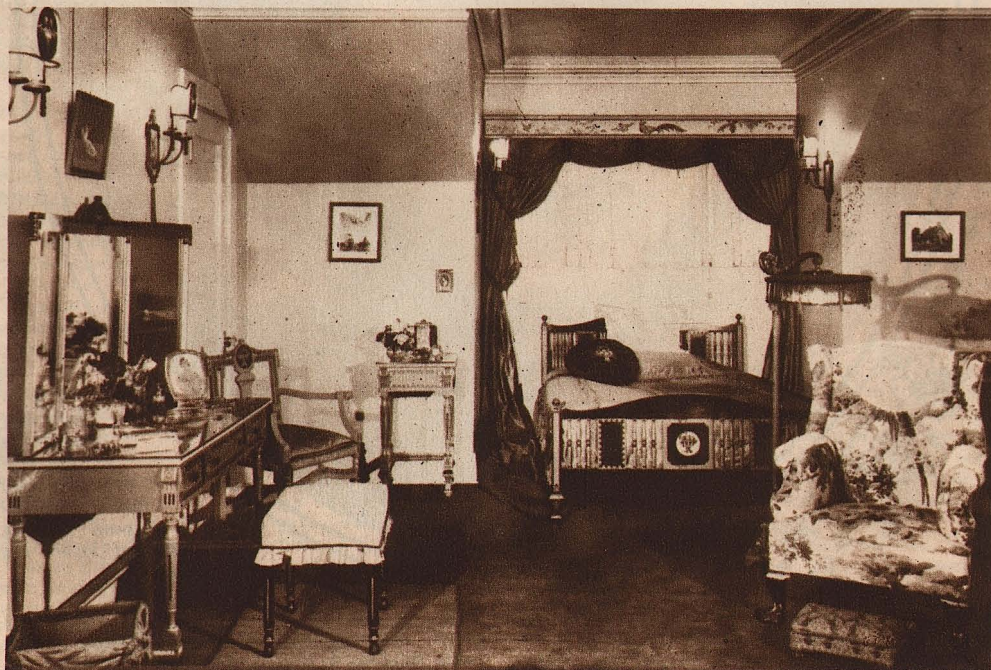
from there. I frequently went down from my home in Boston to visit on my grandparents' farm and "Charlie" Rutherford and I played together. He tells me now that he has loved me ever since those long-ago days. Of course, I didn't know it then. Not until he walked onto the set at R-C studios where I was made up as the dowdy, unattractive *Clementina* did Fate swing our lives back into the same channel again.

Years intervened between those happy childhood days and our recent meeting in Los Angeles. They were years filled with triumph and adversity, happiness and heartaches. My career took me onto the stage, then into the films. Dr. Rutherford, after graduating from college, moved to Seattle, Washington, where he practiced his profession.

He had never been inside a motion picture studio until his recent trip to California. All that he knew of stage and screen was what he had learned from "out in front." At the time he arrived in Los Angeles I was busy head over heels in making the screen version of "The Glory of *Clementina*." I had simply thrown myself into the part. I tried to make myself the exact counterpart of Mr. Locke's slovenly heroine.

My clothes were ill-fitting and old-fashioned. My hair, stringy and unkempt, was wound carelessly about my head with the sole idea of keeping it out of the way. My hat would have been considered *passé* by the original members of the *Floradora* company. I was almost hideously unattractive. I say so deliberately after a long look in a mirror. From my make-up box I produced wrinkles on my forehead and deep lines in my face.

And then—came that wonderful and unexpected trip to Santa Ana, the little county seat some thirty-five miles from Los Angeles. For our wedding supper we stopped at a little wayside lunch counter and munched "hot dog" sandwiches all the way home. I think we established a record for simplicity in weddings. We



The boudoir in the home of Miss Frederick. Dr. and Mrs. Rutherford will make their future home here.



Dr. Rutherford had his first glimpse in eleven years of the woman who is now his wife when she was wearing this garb.

where my big, splendid husband was watching me with eyes full of interest and admiration.

People were dropping in all day to congratulate us, so we did not get a whole lot of work done. Every time I walked across the set the studio orchestra would burst forth into the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march.

It was strange that my own life events should happen just as *Clementina*'s did. You know, when *Clementina* found love she realized that it was the greatest thing in the world and she found that her art was made all the better for it. I am very, very happy, but I do not intend to give up my work in pictures. I shall keep right on. Only I believe that I will be able to put a lot of my new-found content and happiness into my work for the screen.

* * *

Here ended the story of her third marriage as written by Miss Frederick. The omens, according to her, are all for the happiest period of her life, and in judging the worth of the omens as she sees them, it is well to review her experience.

It was at the height of her success as a musical comedy star that Miss Frederick met her first husband—Frank Andrews, a wealthy and noted New York architect. Her career as an actress was to be abandoned for the greater career as the wife so said the announcements. The marriage took place and Miss Frederick's name disappeared from the bright lights of the theatres.

Several months later came the announcement that Miss Frederick had returned to the stage. Almost simultaneously the news leaked out that she had sued for divorce. The cause of the unhappiness was never announced, but it was rumored that Mr. Andrews had failed in his contract to compensate her in devotion for the sacrifice of her pleasure in the theatre. The divorce was granted.

For a long time Miss Frederick was happy in her art. Then Willard Mack came into her life. He was of the theatre—had the understanding of how acting entered into the life of the individual and how much it had to do with the happiness of an actress. They were married.

Shortly after Miss Frederick went into pictures. Separations were a necessity for Miss Frederick did her work in California while New York was the center of Mr. Mack's activities. They were with each other as frequently as possible and everything was lovely. Then Mr. Mack went to

returned to my home in Beverly Hills and announced our marriage. Even "Mumsie" (my mother) had no idea that she was about to acquire a son-in-law.

Oh, yes, I forgot to say that Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner, the stage and vaudeville favorites, who have long been intimate friends of mine, accompanied us to Santa Ana. The only others present were my maid, Elise, and my chauffeur.

Our wedding was on Saturday. On Monday I went to the studio as usual and resumed work on "*Clementina*." By a strange coincidence, on that day we had reached the place in the script where *Clementina*, long a dowdy grub, absorbed in her career, has been awakened by love and blossoms forth in a wonderful gown, a radiant, resplendent woman. There was a big ball room and dinner scene and from my place in front of the camera I could look over to the corner

California and a few months later the end of the second romance was announced by the filing of a divorce suit by Miss Frederick.

Much publicity was attached to this suit. The newspapers printed columns about it, but in none of the statements was the rock that had wrecked the second choice named. Members of the film colony had their own ideas, but it was plain that it had not been caused by another woman. After the divorce was granted Miss Frederick has had nothing but praise for Mr. Mack whenever his name is mentioned. Mr. Mack sought the newspapers as a medium for letting the world know of his great love and respect for Miss Frederick, but the breach was never repaired.

Now, for a third husband, Miss Frederick has taken a childhood friend, a man who has loved her for thirty-five years. She believes she has found enduring happiness, and after reading her reasons for it, we sincerely believe she has.

There was a time, a little less than a year ago, when it seemed there would be a reconciliation.

Mack came to New York on a business trip. His divorced wife was already in that city.

They met—perhaps by chance—perhaps through the scheming of mutual friends who persisted in the belief that the pair were "just made for each other." At any rate, after that meeting, they saw a great deal of each other.

They motored together. They lunched together. They walked through Central Park together.

And, of course, they rode together. No one could even hope to be on much more than speaking acquaintance with Pauline Frederick unless they rode.

As a matter of fact, her old-new husband, while he probably never will have to be jealous of a man, may find his star-wife looking off dreamily into space—and when he asks her what she is thinking about, may be told: "I was just worrying about my horse."

But, to get back, Mack and "Miss" Frederick were together so much (so constantly is perhaps the better word) that even the newspaper men began to sit up and take notice.

At first they had thought it merely one of the time-honored press-agent stunts.

But, strangely enough—from the skeptical newspaper man's standpoint—neither of the pair seemed to want any publicity. As a matter of fact, they rather shunned it.

And then Mack went back to that muchly advertised Hollywood.

And "Miss" Frederick saw him off. Yea, verily, she did. She did still more.

She kissed him good-bye.

None of your stage kisses, either.

A regular long, lingering, "oh-how-I'm-going-to-miss-you" kiss.

At least, that's the way it looked to the reporters.

And so, straightway, they went back, and wrote nice little pieces for their papers, telling how Pauline and Willard were all ready to get tied up again. Willard had promised to be very, very good, and Pauline had consented to do the usual feminine stuff, and be forgiving.

So it was all settled. At least, in the newspapers.

"Miss" Frederick must have laughed mightily, happily when she read those stories. Or maybe her laughter wasn't so very happy, at that!

Maybe the laughter of the "Doctor"—if he laughed at all—wasn't so happy, either.

There is reason for this belief, too.

Because the Editor of PANTOMIME happens to know personally, that every doggone reporter who wrote the story of that impending re-marriage got fired.

THE EDITOR



Dr. Charles A. Rutherford, whose persistent thirty-five-year love for Pauline Frederick finally won her.



A mutual love of outdoor sports especially horse-back riding, is one of the reasons why Dr. Rutherford's suit was successful.

Can Such Things Be?

Here's An Actress Who Actually Admits That Success Came Easy.

By Felicia Fenton

LET'S start off with a few bromides. Ready? Let's go!

The secret of success is hard work.

Beauty alone is worthless. One must have patience, and perseverance—and determination—and, most of all, one's career must be placed above all else—home—friends—comfort—everything!!!

Success may be years in coming. One must begin at the beginning, and learn. One must ever be learning!

Anybody doubting any of the above worn-out sayings is invited to read the advice given by most any star to those ambitious to go into the movies.

And why not? It sounds good. And a lot of it may be true, at that!

Besides, it's so romantic, and everything, to think of your favorite beginning at the very bottom rung of the ladder—as a lowly extra, maybe—and tortuously working his or herself up, and up, and up until finally he or she bursts forth in a blaze of stardom.

Sweet nectar for press agents. Yea, verily.

But—

Even at the risk of discouraging earnest young novices who pine to go out and suffer in their terrific battle with life, truth compels the statement that it isn't always that way.

More remarkable still, there really is at least one actress who actually admits she didn't have to work very hard.

The lady who so ruthlessly upsets all the time-honored dope of the "long-uphill-climb" squad is Florence Auer, who has the important role of *Luzia* in the new Rex Beach production, "Fair Lady," soon to be released.

Miss Auer frankly admits she did *not* start at the bottom of the theatrical ladder. She admits she never even played a so-called "small part." She started right off with the role of the Queen in "Hamlet."

Now, I ask you, can such things be?

I found Miss Auer in her dressing room at the Whitman Bennett studio, in Yonkers—in case you don't know it, that's a suburb of New York.



For a long time—almost from the beginning, in fact, she has specialized in character roles.



Here's Miss Auer, on the extreme left, in one of the scenes of her latest picture. She has a lot of emoting to do in the role.

"Of course, I've heard of the hardships this star and that had in getting their starts," she told me, "but to be perfectly frank, I avoided them—every last one!"

"I started my work before the camera at the inception of the motion picture, when Wallace McCutcheon was the director of the famous old Biograph. I worked with such 'beginners' as D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, Mary Pickford, Dorothy Davenport, Jeanie Macpherson, Ralph Ince, Bob Vignola, Sydney Olcott, Eddie Dillon, Owen Moore, Florence Turner and no end of other now famous stars.

"I did Shakespearean leads for Vitagraph, Biblical parts for Edison, society parts for Kalem and character parts for Biograph, and between times would sell them a screen story at from five to fifteen dollars apiece.

I didn't know enough to stick to the 'disgraceful' movies, but went back to the legitimate with almost unbroken success, doing a picture every now and again and writing for them.

"I was cast for a part in 'Drifting' at the Playhouse with Alice Brady, when my opportunity came to act for Mr. Whitman Bennett in Rex Beach's newest picture, 'Fair Lady,' and I decided to give up 'Drifting.'

"I had played the lead in 'The Wanderer,' under Comstock and Gest, eleven hundred times—the beautiful Mother 'Huldah.' I succeeded

Nance O'Neill in the role and covered a period of three and a half years in it.

"I had a long season with Robert B. Mantell, as his leading woman in Shakespearean repertoire, and before the Mantell engagement I played the vampire in 'A Fool There Was' over five hundred times. I played in 'Ben Hur' for two seasons, and before that I was with Augustus Thomas. Then came the 'College Widow' days under Henry W. Savage, and the wicked Queen in William Faversham's beautiful production of 'Herod.' By this time you must think that I am older than—but I'm not so old at that—really.

"I never started at the bottom and never played a small part in my life—my very first role was the Queen in "Hamlet."

"I have written many original moving picture stories. Anita Stewart's 'Her Mad Bargain' is mine.

"And sh—! I have written a play—but that's another story!"

The interview was beginning to sound like a biographical sketch in a theatrical "Who's Who." I threw up my hands and cried, "I surrender."

And then I begged Miss Auer to tell me how it happened that she'd literally jumped right down on the face of success, and landed with both feet. "What's the answer?" I pleaded.

And the Lady-who-never-was-an-extra very frankly admitted that she didn't know.

She also admitted, with equal frankness, that maybe luck had something to do with it.

She not only didn't have anything to say about long nights of hard study, and longer days of toil. She didn't even lay claim to genius!

Again I pondered: "Can such things be?"

Can it be possible that a man or a girl can go into the movies and be successful right from the jump-off?

The answer must be yes—because here's a girl who did it.

But at the same time, I'm bound to admit there aren't many of them like that.

And still fewer who'll admit it.

Is one to understand that a young woman can actually succeed without having to vamp a director, or a producer, or somebody?

Can it really be true that one can put herself over, merely by having ability? Surely not.

If this be true, what are all our professional reformers going to do? What's to be done with all the tirades against the movies as the prize despoilers of girlish virtue?

So, finally, can it be that a girl can succeed on just sheer merit?

Wrapping the Peach

By Phyllis Saunders

"PEACHES" JACKSON—christened Charlotte, but nobody ever remembers that—was thrilled to her very little toenails when I told her that the big, important Editor of PANTOMIME wanted her to pose in her new spring wardrobe which Mother-Deer had just finished.

"For the fashion page, where you put Miss Swanson an' Miss Compton an' all the wonderful stars?" Her big brown eyes grew round. "Oh, my!"

And what a busy little lady she was in the next hour. "Oh, dear me, don't make me wear that ole rag," she expostulated. "Why, I've had that ole thing for ages an' ages." Like most young ladies, Peaches feels that after you have worn a dress once, it's old. Though her salary is perfectly huge for such a wee person, nevertheless, Peaches doesn't get a new frock every time she happens to want one. For Mother Jackson selects her clothes wisely, with an eye to their utilitarian value.

"Little girls cannot be taught too early the value of economy," she says wisely. "A time of misfortune might come some day—and then it's lots nicer to have money in the bank than a wardrobe full of fancy things."

"Mmm! guess that's right," Peaches agreed in her quaint, little-lady manner. "Still—"

"Mother-Deer won't let me have but two party-frocks at a time," Peaches whispered to me while changing for another pose. "An' she buys gingham an' plain ole things an' things like that. An' some day when I'm all grown up, I'm going to have a dress like Miss Swanson's, all made out of pearls an' monkey-fur an' jewels. You just wait!"

For Peaches, in spite of her almost phenomenal success on the silversheet, is being kept unspoiled by a very sensible mother. You know Peaches, of course—the child whose woeful pathos almost swiped the picture from Tommy Meighan in "A Prince There Was"—and certainly put the so-billed leading lady, Mildred Harris, way back in the shade. She is working now in Tommy's "The Proxy Daddy," and the two are great friends.

Tommy bestows upon Peaches the finest compliment stage- and picture-folk can give: "She's the best little trooper ever." And Peaches has a way with her, has Peaches, of getting around everybody. I do not feel that my statement will be challenged when I say that she is the most popular girl on the Lasky lot.

Peaches takes her work—and her clothes—very, very seriously. Yet, in contrast to her almost grown-up reserve and dignity, is her childish love for the wonderful French doll Mary Pickford brought her from Paris. She was almost heart-broken because they wouldn't let the doll pose with her in all the pictures.

In the accompanying illustrations you see Peaches wearing some of her new spring wardrobe. You will see that it includes only sensible fabrics and trimmings. Yet what could be sweeter for the wee Shining Light in your own home than these little gingham and mull dresses and dark broad-cloth coat?



"This," says Peaches, "is my very nicest frock. It's white mull trimmed in baby Irish lace an' insertion. See my sash?"



A play dress of French gingham, trimmed in organay. The French doll is a gift from Mary Pickford, and is Peaches' favorite "child."



Here she is in a dress of green gingham with hat and bloomers to match.



All dressed up in her brand-new brown broadcloth coat, with brown and white taffeta hat to match.



"All ready for the party" in pink wash satin trimmed with real Valenciennes lace.

The "Pearl White" of Europe

By Mark Vance

PEARL WHITE flashed in and out of picture serials so many times that the marathonic honors for consecutive continuity exploits and maneuvers have been bestowed upon her fair head without any dissenting opinion among the critics. And it may matter not whether the ubiquitous and ocean-commuting screen star appears the rest of her natural life in feature subjects and never works another serial story, the "chapter crown" will always cast a halo over her photoplay activities.

Now, across seas there is a woman who has done a lot of work in "serials" too. So many, in fact, that her strenuous portrayal of a persecuted heroine who has gone through a thousand deaths, so to speak, only to emerge triumphant and face a new peril, has resulted in her being dubbed "the Pearl White of Europe." This celluloid dynamo is none other than Mia May.

(For the benefit of the readers and the thousands of American movie fans who will see her as the star of "The Mistress of the World," that is being released as a series of four Paramount pictures, her name is pronounced Mee-a-My.)

Miss May's latest work is concentrated in a big production that was made under the banner of the U. F. A. Corporation in Europe, but which has been brought to the picture houses of this country by the Paramount Pictures Corporation and booked for general distribution throughout all that company's exchanges. Thus Paramount introduces to this side of the Atlantic "the Pearl White of Europe."

Miss May comes from the land of Bohemia, and amid an environment that bespeaks the atmosphere of make-believe she adopted the stage as a profession. She was born in Prague, which has won great renown by being the capital of Bohemia.

In her gay home-land, where she first turned her talents to the art of histrionic endeavor, she played in different roles at the Municipal Theatre in the Bohemian capital. She was assigned to this part and that—and gradually she became unusually proficient in all sorts of roles.

From Prague Miss May went to Warsaw, where she became a member of the Dramatic Art Theatre of that city. Later she appeared in a number of prominent successes in various European theatres. But her stage work was only a stepping stone to the pictures which called her and which found her a star in Europe over night. Her characterization on the screen of the stellar role in "Zaza" established her as worthy of the praise and attention bestowed upon her.

Now it so happens that Joe May, who in private life is "Miss" May's husband, is a director of repute in foreign film circles. He and his wife

about decided that a big serial theme that he had in mind was made to order for Mia. When a number of players were first considered, none came up to requirements so Joe May turned to his wife and said, "Mia, it's up to you to play the lead."

So she did—and her work earned her the sobriquet of "The Pearl White of Europe."

"The Mistress of the World," the first film in which she will be seen in America, runs through four episodes—each a complete story, but in continuity with the

Here's a typical thriller scene, which might have been made in our own land. The man looks like Earle Williams, doesn't he? But he isn't. His name is Michael Bohnen. He's German.



She looks not unlike our own Pearl, which is to say she's very, very easy to look upon.

plot. The four parts are sub-titled as follows: (1) "The Dragon's Claw"; (2) "The Race for Life"; (3) "The City of Gold"; (4) "Saved by Wireless."

Sounds thrilly enough, doesn't it?

The European production differs from the American serial idea in the sense that instead of two reels for each instalment the May story has 5,000 feet to each chapter.

In the Pearl White comparison Miss May in no way resembles Pearl, save that she is a blonde and goes through a similar line of work. Miss May is considerably heavier in matter of avoirdupois—not that she's fat—oh dear, no! Also, some say she appears to better advantage in her emotional scenes, due to her long association with the leading theatres of Continental Europe.

In "The Mistress of the World" Miss May appears as a young Swedish student, who by the sudden death of her father is thrown upon her own resources. In her father's diary she finds a notation telling of a lost treasure of the Queen of Sheba and that it can be found if the key to the hiding place is obtained from an old hermit who lives in the interior of China.

So on the fortune quest she goes. In China she is taken captive by the King of Beggars and time and again faces death. The story shifts to Darkest Africa, where repeated fights with cannibalistic tribes occur as well as close calls with voracious crocodiles that infest the waters she takes to escape the man-eating blacks.

The "Mistress of the World" story keeps Miss May moving. And the picturized version of Carl Figdor's romance of mystery and adventure of the Old World was considered so fascinating and sensational that the Paramount heads lost no time in getting it for their American theatres.

Her European fans are confident that Miss May, now unknown in the States, will score a knockout hit by her serial "pearlwhiting" over here.

Here's pulling a Ruth Roland table and nursing a

Miss May Pearl White—stunt—sitting at half-grown tiger cub.



Making Movies to the Tune of "Annie Laurie"

By Charles L. Gartner

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the "silent drama" is no longer silent. In fact, it never was silent, at least not in the making.

Times were when a couple of players and a director would retire to one corner of the studio and, midst the bang of the carpenter's hammer and the cries of the property man, enact a death-bed scene that was supposed to reduce the most case-hardened movie fan to sympathetic tears. And oftentimes—this was in the days of the one and two reel "feature"—the *big punch* scene had to be halted while the director, the dead mother and her heartbroken daughter ran for shelter behind the scenery until the bombardment of stray custard pies from the comedians on the next set had been halted.

Under these circumstances were actors and actresses supposed to do good work. Small wonder, then, that almost eighty per cent of the scenes in the earlier motion pictures were taken in the open, where an actor did not have to stuff his ears, or keep one eye peeled for any stray missile that might come flying through the air.

But the day of nerve-racking noises during the taking of a scene has gone, for the banging of the carpenter's hammer has been supplanted by the sweet tones of a violin. And the cry of the property man has given way to the whine of the clarinet or saxophone, for the up-to-date motion picture director realizes that music and the proper atmosphere are just as necessary to the film actor as they are to his stage brother.

The immense value of music in the making of photoplays is best illustrated by the remark of a veteran director.

"Some of them can't act unless they have music, some of them can't act with it, and some of them can't act either way."

But Mr. Director was taking a rather cynical viewpoint when he said "some of them can't act with it," for there are mighty few people in this world who are not susceptible to music. What he really meant was that there are a few temperamental stars who believe that they are capable of doing a performance better without calling upon an embryo Kreisler to help them to properly "emote."

Wallace Reid, popular Paramount star, is one of the many modern motion picture players who prefers music while making scenes. Reid, himself an excellent musician, makes the statement that good music is a most essential part of a studio's equipment.

"And it is necessary in more ways than one," he claims. "In the first place, it is an excellent medium for 'jazzing' up the players after a particularly trying scene."

Contrary to general opinion, an actor's life is by no means the proverbial bed of roses. Anyone doubting this statement is at liberty to



Here's a violinist helping Director Tom Forman boss Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee.



Betty Compson and Theodore Kosloff, the actor-dancer, can't do a thing without music.

write to any of the motion picture studios in this country and secure a copy of the work chart of any of the players. It is not an unusual occurrence to work half way into the night and then have to get up before daylight the next morning to get the necessary night and dawn scenes. Then again, the movie fans are so exacting in their demands for perfection in motion pictures that it is often necessary to take and re-take the same scene a number of times, or until it is as near perfection as it is humanly possible to get it so. It is then that a jazzy tune is in order.

George Melford, the director, is a strong advocate of lively music as a means of "pepping up" his company, and it is a common sight at the studio here to see Mr. Melford and a number of his players busily singing or playing some sort of musical instruments.

Mr. Melford has an odd character in "Speed" Hanson, the Lasky studio troubadour. "Speed" is a genius for writing lyrics and setting them to his own compositions, generally paraphrasing some of the happenings of the troupe. In the Middle Ages he would have been a strolling minstrel, or perhaps a Cyrano de Bergerac.

But the most important use music is put to in the studios, is the making of the scenes. It is really remarkable how greatly screen acting is enhanced by the melodious accompaniment. That is, if the music is in tone with the incident being filmed. It would hardly do to have the musician play a jazz piece while the heroine was trying to register intense sorrow.

Until the advent of music in the studios the most common form of taking a scene showing the heroine in tears was to get a dropper full of glycerine, move the camera for a close-up, squeeze a few drops of the liquid so that it would run down the heroine's cheeks, and the thing was done.

Not so now. When a sob scene is to be registered the studio violinist is called over, the situation explained to him, and he goes to work. Five minutes of playing some sad, sweet piece, and the heroine, if she isn't a veritable iceberg, is weeping all over the place.

Another important feature about music in the making of motion pictures is the effective results obtained by having certain instruments playing to form atmosphere for some particular scenes. That is, if a Scotch fling is being filmed, real Scotch bag-pipers are hired to play for the occasion. Or, if a group of actors are supposed to be listening to a Chinese orchestra, real Chinese musicians are obtained to play. The moral effect of this atmosphere on the actors, if nothing else, is well worth the expense incurred.



Wallie Reid says he "emotes" best to the soft strains of a violin.

The Kitchen Queen of the Movies

An Interview with Doris May

By Leah Fink

"WON'T you come in? Miss May is in the kitchen; I will call her," said the trim little maid who answered our ring at the Doris May Hollywood bungalow.

As we were ushered into a bright, sunny living-room, a symphony of Chinese blue, old rose, and tints of sage-green and gold, an adjoining door opened and in came a slim, golden-haired figure, her small person completely enveloped in a crisp, white apron, her hands covered with flour and across one cheek a yellow smudge that looked suspiciously like the yolk of an egg.

"Oh! I'm so sorry," laughed Doris May breathlessly, "but I'm just in the midst of baking a cake. I thought I would have it done and could make myself presentable before you came, but I had to go over an account with the vegetable man and so I was a little late in getting started. You won't mind talking to me in the kitchen, will you?"

Kitchens and vegetable men! And we thought that stars were not even supposed to be on speaking terms with kitchens, to say nothing of dealers in vegetables, and that they always received guests in incense-laden rooms while they reclined languidly on a gilt chaise lounge in rehearsed artistic pose.

"This," went on Doris, from her perch on a high white kitchen stool, pointing to the frothy mass she was vigorously stirring in a huge yellow mixing bowl, "is Wallie's favorite cake, made from an old Southern recipe. He's tickled pink when I make it for him and I usually do when I have a day off from the studio and can spend it in the kitchen."

"But where did you learn to cook and bake?" we asked, curiously.

"Oh! I've cooked and baked ever since I was ten years old. Mother always said that if she ever had a girl she was going to teach her at least one thing and that was to be a good housekeeper. And so, of course, when I came along she could hardly wait until I was old enough before she took me into the kitchen and gave me my first cooking lesson. I really enjoy it and wish I had more time to stay at home. But then, my screen work—" she shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

She admits that sometimes she has to go to the cook-book—but not often.



Doris May impresses one as being just a grown-up kiddie on tiptoe to meet and unravel the tangled skeins of life and to whom each day comes in the nature of one glorious adventure after another. Her outlook upon everything is fresh, unspoiled and wholesome and it is impossible to imagine her ever getting "up stage" or acquiring either habits or mannerisms that savor of the artificial.

"Do you like this house?" she chatted on gaily, flitting from one subject to another. And upon being solemnly assured that we did—

"Wallie and I are simply crazy about it."

Then, apologetically, "You see, it's our first very own home and we both planned just how it was going to be built and how we were going to furnish it. I never had so much fun in all my life as I did when I went shopping to buy the things for our house. I'm afraid I was a bit extravagant, too; but Wallie said to get whatever I liked, and so I did. It's just a dream house, and I can hardly wait to get home from the studio every night to go through it and assure myself that it's really our very own."

It justifies its title of "dream house," although anything but pretentious. It faces on one of the prettiest little tree-lined streets in Hollywood and has seven large sunny rooms, four down and three up. It is furnished in excellent taste, the colors Chinese blue and rose predominating, and is so comfortable that when you pay it a visit you find it hard to say good-bye.

Upstairs a room has been set aside as Wallace MacDonald's private sanctum sanctorum, and it holds all his dearest possessions.

"I'm not even allowed to touch anything there, and as for dusting it—not on my life," laughed Miss May.

Doris picked up a pipe—picked it up very gingerly.

I didn't blame her much. It was a wicked looking affair. One of those enormous smelly kind of pipes that you associate with the captain of a whaling ship, or something.

"See this?" she asked, holding it off at arm's length, and making a face at it. "This is friend husband's particular pet. I honestly believe he

Baking pies just like mother used to make is no trick for Doris.

"Oh dear, where's the cinnamon?" Even being the bride of Wallace MacDonald has its tribulations.

loves it next to me. And I'm not supposed ever, ever to touch it. You see, Wallace smokes it, and drops it in—oh, well, just any old place he happens to be when he's finished—and then he expects to find it in that self-same spot when he wants it again.

"Do you know, I'm almost jealous of that old pipe. You see,"—and she giggled—"It's so terribly much stronger than I am."

Doris has her own little sitting room, too, and it is just as dainty and girlish as its occupant, for its walls are of soft cream, the hangings of rose-colored shirred taffeta silk and the furniture ivory wicker. Its most conspicuous and at the same time most cherished treasure, is a large silver framed photograph of Wallace MacDonald which bears mute testimony to the fact that Doris May, motion picture star, is not very far removed from Doris May, bride and home-maker.



Success and fame, achieved at nineteen, too, certainly sit lightly upon Doris May's brow. She might be, for all the difference it has made in her character personally, just plain Mary Jones, newly married, very much in love with her good-looking young husband and thrilled over the prospect of taking care of her own little home.

"But why should success necessarily spoil one?" she returned seriously in answer to our remark to the effect that it was refreshing to talk with someone whose viewpoint was still unbiased in spite of fame and its attendant honors.

"It's such a privilege to be chosen for any special favors," she continued, "that it should make one very grateful and humble. At least it makes me feel that way and whenever I find myself inclined to get a bit heady I always think of someone less fortunate than myself and thank my lucky stars that I was given an opportunity to do a bit better than the average."

Eustace Gets Confidential

Our Office Boy is in Wrong Again

"**S**AY," says de guy what is in charge of de countin' of de votes in de contest, "as long as youse is lucky enough to be gettin' away wid de whole page, keep on de contest and tell 'em how dey are losin' a chance by not gettin' after de leaders, by sendin' in more votes."

"What do youse mean, lucky?" says I. "Dey ought to be payin' me for my stuff. Dey woulda, too, ceptin' for de rough gab I pulls on de chief's wife. Dere ain't anudder guy in de whole book what can write like I do."

"Praises be for dat blessin'," says he, which has all de ear marks of a dirty crack to me. "But youse keep on tellin' 'em dat dey won't get no place unless dey get after de leaders."

Dat's de trouble wid most de guys around dis office. Dey don't give me no credit for havin' brains. Dey tells me sumpin like dat and expects me to pass it along. Dat's de worst sort of kiddin' in de world, but dis guy what thinks dat I have nuttin' more in me hat's garage dan he has, figures dat I will fall for dat line of gab, and tell it to youse.

Dat youse haven't got a chance for a prize unless youse get after de leaders!

Say, listen. I never gets far enough in school so as I loses my natural intelligence, but I does get far enough so as I knows enough arithmetic to be able to figure it out dat when dere is one hundred prizes offered, dere has got to be one hundred people get 'em.

Cast your glims over de list on dis page. Dere's only thoity people dat's got over thoity votes. If de contest ended dis week dat would be seventy people what would come for prizes wid only thoity votes per each.

Dat's what would happen if dis cheap guy what counts de votes has his way about it. But nuttin' doin' on dat sort of stuff. De post office department says dat in case of ties for any prize each person tied must get de same prize.

Does youse get what dat means?

Dis guy what's wanting me to do de kiddin' about beatin' de leaders tells me dat de thoity-foist to fortieth prizes is a \$150 Pathe phonograph. Counting in de people what's in de list on de page here dere are over four hundred what have thoity votes per each which makes 'em tied for thoity-foist prize.

Now den, what I'm hopin' happens is dat about four thousand more people send in de reader's coupon givin' 'em each thoity votes and den no more comes in. Dat'll mean about 5,000 \$150 phonographs dat dis guy will haf to give away or else do a stretch in a pen becuz of de postal guys. I wouldn't be wishin' dis except for dat crack he makes about it bein' a blessin' dat dere ain't nobody else what writes like me.

De chances is dat I'll be gettin' de bum's rush out of me job as soon as dis here contest guy sees dis, but I was thinkin' of quittin' anyway, cause I knows how to make money fastern what I'm makin' it here. It taint printin' it meself neether. It's sumpin a whole lot softer.

I'm goin' to make four years' salary widin de next six months. I knows a guy what's makin' scads of money and he says he will pay me two thousand plunks for de sedan what's de main prize in de contest. Well, de guy what's winnin' it now ain't got so many votes and I can buy what I needs at \$10 for every 9,000, and den send a

Stars in the \$22,000 Race

Name	Votes
G. Reichman, New York City	9090
J. A. Fisher, Montello, Mass.	6000
Betty C. Hitchins, Frostburg, Md.	3060
L. Rumpakis, Portland, Ore.	3000
J. Kirscher, New York City	3000
E. Whitelock, Martinsburg, W. Va.	1420
B. W. Sims, Pensacola, Fla.	1030
Ruby Pippert, Dixon, Ill.	240
Florence Schultz, Chicago, Ill.	210
W. Duff, Chicago, Ill.	210
Constance Erbaugh, Dayton, Ohio	210
A. M. Ford, Auburn, Me.	210
J. P. Oppenheim, New York City	210
Rosemary Diegan, Chicago, Ill.	180
C. R. Griffin, Seymour, Conn.	180
Pauline Sesso, Washington, D. C.	150
Cora Montverdi, Orange, N. J.	150
E. Cummings, Cincinnati, Ohio	150
Beatrice Whalen, Sioux City, Iowa	150
Isabelle Caywood, New York City	120
E. S. Hoover, Gretna, Neb.	120
S. Apostol, New York City	120
Geneva Kappes, Waynesburg, Pa.	120
H. Paulsen, Brooklyn, N. Y.	120
T. W. Hikiert, Perry, N. Y.	120
J. Bolger, Salt Lake City, Utah	90
S. Aiola, Meadville, Pa.	90
A. J. Foster, St. Louis, Mo.	90
Gertrude Bradman, Wilmington, Del.	90
Mrs. M. Waggoner, Dallas, Tex.	90
Mrs. E. S. Rogers, Marion, Ill.	60
H. C. Moore, Defiance, Ohio	60
J. W. Magowan, Mr. Sterling, Ky.	60
Maria Stockwell, Franklin, Ohio	60
W. Dailey, Omaha, Neb.	60
I. De Berardinis, Brooklyn, N. Y.	60
Mrs. M. M. Dacey, Holden, W. Va.	30
H. C. Gussion, New York City	30
G. Douglas, Shinniston, W. Va.	30
A. De Santo, Duluth, Minn.	30
W. Kachnowsky, New Britain, Conn.	30
R. T. Coit, S. Orange, N. J.	30
A. Pulciano, Lakewood, N. J.	30
J. Thompson, Philadelphia, Pa.	30
H. Colgrove, Henlock, N. Y.	30
C. M. Zeltman, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
J. H. Abbott, Atlanta, Ga.	30
J. Milan, Omaha, Neb.	30
M. Parelio, Newark, N. J.	30
Mrs. Peggy Mack, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
S. Dofsky, Chicago, Ill.	30
L. Schwartz, New York	30
F. Beckham, San Antonio, Tex.	30
S. Randall, New York City	30
L. Rosscher, Memphis, Tenn.	30
J. Atkins, Rockford, Ill.	30
F. Baca, St. Louis, Mo.	30
V. Passalacqua, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
P. D. J. Beekman, New York City	30
A. Buba, Braddock, Pa.	30
V. Cordara, Hoboken, N. J.	30
C. L. Christiansen, Ft. Wadsworth, N. Y.	30
Anne Comite, Newark, N. J.	30
Mildred Fagen, Shelbyville, Ill.	30
W. K. Hoblitzell, Somerset, Pa.	30
Miss G. Jacobson, Washington, D. C.	30
L. M. Kinney, Lander, Wyo.	30
J. W. Martin, Fairmont, W. Va.	30
P. W. Matuszewski, New Castle, Pa.	30
M. De Linski, Jacksonville, Fla.	30
W. Norton, Fall River, Mass.	30
Mary Schulman, Baltimore, Md.	30
Mrs. C. S. Scott, Leavenworth, Kan.	30
Eleanor A. Small, Washington, D. C.	30
C. D. Sutherland, Clinchco, Va.	30
A. Yort, Chicago, Ill.	30
B. Alms, Cullman, Ala.	30
T. B. Lavey, Bristol, R. I.	30
T. C. Stewart, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
L. F. Broun, Farmington, Ill.	30
Sunny Colton, Newark, N. J.	30
Miss Susie H. Horn, Rochester, N. Y.	30
F. G. Lancot, U. S. Atlantic Fleet	30
Mrs. J. S. Renco, St. Louis, Mo.	30
L. J. Lembiase, Brooklyn, N. Y.	30
E. Hawkins, Elmhurst, Ill.	30
Mrs. Pauline Jones, Kansas City, Mo.	30
Mary Wallace, Baltimore, Md.	30
G. M. Carter, Norristown, Pa.	30
Mrs. W. J. Ospring, Poplar Bluff, Mo.	30
J. R. Williams, Raleigh, N. C.	30
Marguerite Lingren, Minneapolis, Minn.	30
L. W. Prairie, Glens Falls, N. Y.	30
C. Pond, Coming, Ark.	30
Mrs. C. E. McCarty, Springdale, Pa.	30
Perrie Marquette, Jacksonville, Fla.	30
E. H. Lund, Salt Lake City, Utah	30
P. Q. Ledbetter, Moline, Ill.	30
C. Knerin, Lorain, Ohio	30
J. Koschoreck, Chicago, Ill.	30

two years' subscription to PANTOMIME to me friends.

De only thing what keeps me from quittin' and startin' dis scheme is dat it may take a little financin'—meanin' dat I may need some coin what I ain't got in order to treat enough of me friends to de best movie magazine in de field to cop de first prize. But for a thousand plunks I can get 900,000 votes and if dat ain't enough to win de sedan, it will mean dat John D. Rockefeller has swapped de Standard Oil for PANTOMIME subscriptions, and dere ain't no chance of dat, do you think?

So's even if we got to spend de thousand plunks dere still is a thousand clear, and anyone what wants to give me de coin can have whatever dey and me thinks is right out of de profits. Address me care of PANTOMIME, or maybe you better make it just general delivery, New York City, which is safer, cuz de stenographer what opens de mail here is so jealous she'd probably never let me know about it.

De general delivery is de safer bet, anyway. 'cause, as I says before, I ain't bettin' dat I'm goin' be spendin' my spare time in dis job much longer. Youse remember de way de chief gets sore 'cause I falls for de looks of de better half of his pay check and tells her a lot about how a chicken can get along wid him?

Well, dat makes me cagey of asking anything of any dame what comes into de office asking for de editor-in-chief. Just de same, I makes de good-looking ones fill out de cards saying what dey want of him, cuz I knows every one of dem ain't his wife. No matter what else dey can say about de chief, he's no Mormon—or any udder religion what I ever herd of.

Den last Thoisday, in comes a sour-looking dame. She has de same big nose as de editor and it's easy enough to see de family looks, although it don't run much past de sour expression, de big beezer and blue eyes.

"Dis is me chance to square things," I thinks to meself, "dis is his aunt, or sumpin, and I'll rush her right in."

So widout even makin' her say what she wants I takes her in to de chief.

Den, in about two minutes we gets a good idea of what happens in Russia every time dat guy Trotzky gets a toothache. You can hear her speech all over de office, and she was some mean tongue-swingin', too. De big Boss goes in, and den de circulation manager and den all de udder guys in de office what has a title hike for de chief's hang-out. And dis dame has enough ballin' out to go all de way around de crowd and leave some over for the guys out in the hall and de elevator men.

What's de row about? She's sumpin I should have put a bomb under instead of treatin' her nice. But how was I to know dat she is a field delegate of De Society for de stopping of anything pleasant.

And dat she'd come in to kick on de picture of Mae Murray we prints on de cover last week.

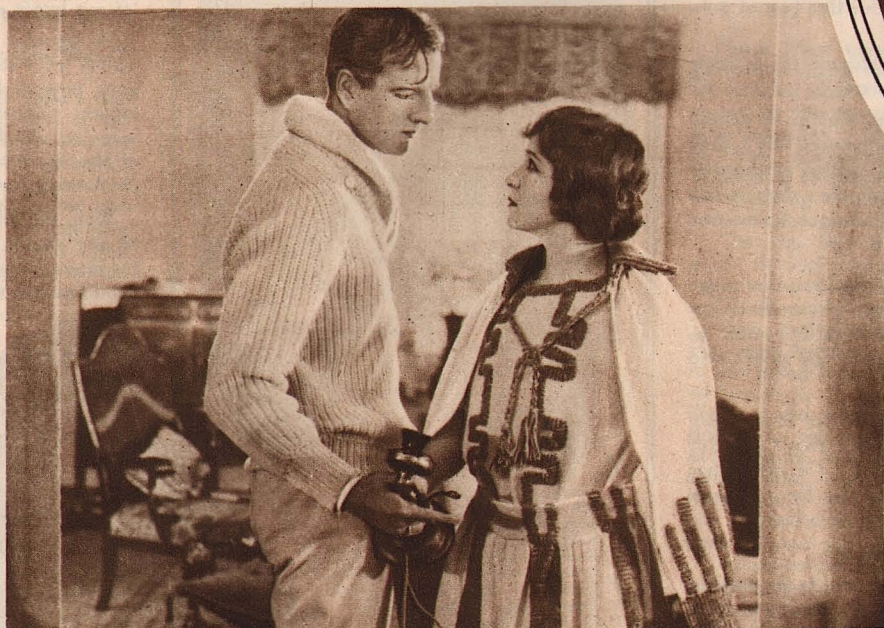
I sneaks while de row is still goin' good, and as none of de bosses ever come in now until dey know who's in de office none of dem has seen me yet.

But I can't dodge them all de time, so dat's why I think me future business address may be sumpin' different from what it is now.

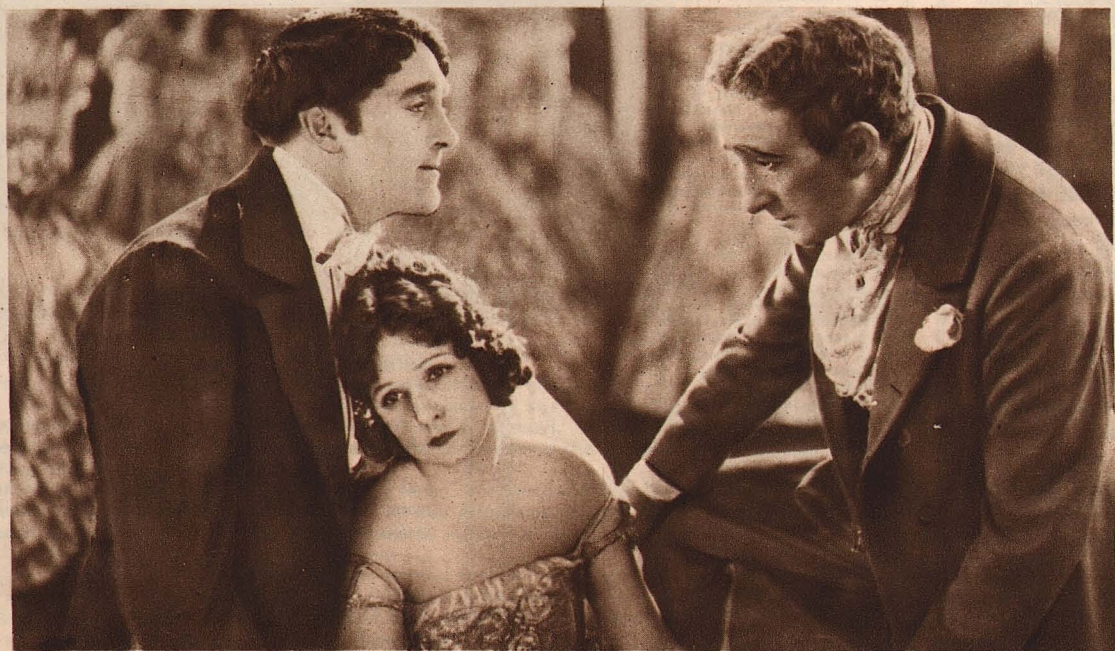
Big Mom



Gosh! This lady must have done something awful to get William Farnum as angry at her as all this. We won't venture a guess as to what it is for this is a scene from "A Stage Romance," and who knows, things are so different on the stage that we might be entirely wrong.



Florence Vidor has become a star in her own right, after making a series of hits as a leading woman and as a featured player. This is a scene from her first starring vehicle, "Woman Wake Up," shortly to be released by Associated Exhibitors.



Norman looks so good in this mood. This mood is the title of "Smiling Through the Pain," which would be going to better be out.

Moments in Pictures You Haven't Seen



We can just see that Mabel Ballin would like to kiss Crauford Kent in this scene but there is some reason or other why she thinks she ought not to want to. It's from "Luxury Taxes."



Huh, if that cigar was only lighted, Johnnie Walker would be in danger of getting his chin burned. The little lady is Edna Murphy, who is co-starred with Johnnie in the newspaper story, "Extra, Extra," from which this scene is taken.



This makes it look as if Tom Mix had just lost a wonderful new concoction through feminine interference or carelessness. That it might be a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment is indicated by the title of the production, "Chasing the Moon."



Norma Talmadge never looks so appealing as when she is sad. Yet we know this mood can't last, for the title of the picture is "Smilin' Through," which would indicate that she is going to feel a whole lot better before the final fade-out.

We'd be kind of suspicious, too, if some one mugged us all up and then offered to shake hands. But then, John Gilbert looks so sincere, we'd probably accept. It's a scene from Mr. Gilbert's latest starring vehicle, "In Calvert's Valley."

We can't see, but we bet the doctor is pronouncing the man on the floor dead. We don't know who did it, but we bet that Earle Williams finds out who it was, for it is a scene from "The Man from Downing Street" in which Earle is a detective.



The Sign of the Trident

CHAPTER IX (Continued)

SUDDENLY she bumped against something in the middle of the room. Rubbing the smoke from her eyes, the girl endeavored to examine her discovery. It was a mast-like pole, with boards nailed upon it for steps, leading upward through the top of the hut. Ruth grasped the pole and started climbing.

High above the hut, on the top of the pole, was the crow's nest lookout. Ruth was able to reach the top.

Finally the wind changed, sending the smoke out to sea. Ruth looked below and saw the flames hungrily licking the straw-thatched hut. Already the base of the pole was beginning to crackle. She shouted wildly, hoping for help of some kind. Another gust of wind caused the mast to sway. Suddenly it broke at the base and crashed toward the angry waters of the sea with Ruth clinging to the lookout.

CHAPTER X

On board the *Dragon*, for Phil Stanton had been correct in his surmise that the yacht was returning, the lookout ran below and informed the young man of a fire on shore. Phil saw the flames licking around the hut and the pole swaying in the wind. Running to the bridge, he informed the skipper. They reached the spot just as the pole crashed into the water. Two lifeboats were lowered, and the unconscious girl carried aboard.

One month later at the Loomis and Stanton ranch, Phil and Ruth were discussing the many events happening since their departure to Siburo.

"I have lost the sacred Wampum Belt," she told him, "and without its secret I dare not decide the ownership of the Golden Pool."

"What I wanted to tell you," Phil interrupted, "was that it is necessary for me to go to San Mario at once to transact some important business."

As he rode off, there was a flash of white outside the window and a stone crashed in on the floor. She picked up the stone, and read: "You will find Stone Ear at the old Indian Wigwam."

And then Ruth did a very foolish thing. She hunted up Loomis, showed him the message and asked his advice. Loomis advised her to wait until Phil returned before doing anything. He sought Julia Wells and told her of the message.

"You must go immediately to the Wigwam," he said. "I'll send some men along with you."

Ruth became worried. She was already sorry

that she had confided in Loomis. Calling Moonlight, she told her to ride to San Mario and tell Phil to hurry back.

Julia and her party had reached the abandoned Indian wigwam, and leaving the men outside, the woman entered. She saw Stone Ear squatting beside the fire, with a small Indian boy, evidently her guide and interpreter.

Julia showed the Wampum Belt to the squaw. The latter became highly excited and told the Indian youth in sign language that she could not tell the secret of the Wampum belt without the amulet of Lame Elk as a token of authority. Julia remembered that Ruth was the possessor of the amulet. While she was wondering what the next step should be, one of her men rushed in and told her that Ruth was approaching. The girl had become impatient waiting for Phil.

"You and our men hide inside and watch Miss Randolph," Julia told him. "When I give you the signal, rush out and take the amulet. But do not let her suspect I have anything to do with your action."

They all hid in the dimly lit wigwam as Ruth entered. The girl approached the fire and greeted Stone Ear, who actually seemed glad to see her. Ruth held out the amulet to the deaf and dumb squaw. Stone Ear became tremendously excited on receiving Lame Elk's token and started to make signs to the Indian boy, but before the youth could tell the girl the meaning, Julia's men rushed out of their hiding place and surrounded Ruth.

The girl quickly snatched the amulet from Stone Ear and sprang back from the cowpunchers. The old Indian, realizing Ruth's position, threw a blanket over the fire, throwing the wigwam in darkness. In the confusion which followed, Ruth made her escape and ran towards a small canyon back of a thick growth of trees.

As she arrived at the canyon, with the men close behind her, there was a sound of rapid hoof-beats, and the White Rider galloped up, swung her to his saddle and dashed off, leaving Julia's men stupefied. They rushed back to where their horses were tethered and started in pursuit.

The White Rider finally came to the box canyon where the gate in the enormous tree led to his cave dwelling. As he disappeared inside, the cowboys drew up, just in time to see the door close. Arriving in the large chamber, the horseman told Ruth to remain there while he disposed of the pursuers, as he could hear them trying to force their way inside.

In a small rock chamber, the White Rider strode to the wall, where an electrical apparatus and lever stood on a table.

Meanwhile Ruth became frightened at remaining alone in the chamber. Brushing against a bookcase, she heard a spring click. She tried to move the bookcase, and found that it slid back. An entrance to a secret passageway disclosed itself. Ruth entered and slid the bookcase back into place.

The White Rider, from his point of vantage, watched the approaching men intently. Slowly he let his hand rest on the lever—then, with calm deliberation pressed it down. A terrific explosion followed which shook the mountainside. The whole side of the canyon at the tree was blown up.

The mysterious horseman left his place and rushed back to the chamber. An exclamation left his lips when he saw that Ruth was not there. He rushed to the bookcase and swung it back. The passageway was completely blocked.

The White Rider tried to clear the debris away from the blocked entrance in order to reach the girl, but it seemed hopeless. Trying another secret entrance to the passageway, he was again greeted by a mass of stones and sand.

Ruth was making no progress. Tons of sand began to pour down upon her so fast that she could not get out of it. Already it had reached her waistline and was still pouring in. All her efforts to pull out were in vain.

CHAPTER XI

As the sand continued to pour in about Ruth, the girl began to cry for help. The White Rider had not given up hope of rescuing her. He seized a pick and shovel. It was done none too soon. The sand was beginning to pour in around her neck just as the mysterious horseman reached her.

Leaving the chamber, they walked out the passageway which led to the spot where their horses were resting. Then they started for the ranch. As they rode across the plain, the girl saw Phil coming toward them. She gleefully announced it to the White Rider. He waited until the young man had sighted his sweetheart, and then bade Ruth goodbye and galloped off madly.

Back at the ranch house, Jim Loomis and Julia were in earnest consultation. Loomis insisted on obtaining possession of the amulet.

"If we fail to get the amulet," he said, "we can still obtain a large share of the wealth by keeping Ruth from going back to the Golden Canyon in the next thirty days."

"The only person who can read the cipher on the Wampum Belt is Stone Ear," declared Julia, "and she won't read the belt unless she is given the amulet."

At that moment Ruth and Phil arrived at the ranch. They were greeted warmly by the deceitful Julia and Loomis, who listened in feigned surprise as they told of their experiences. As they sat talking and chatting, Crouching Mole suddenly made his appearance. Going up to Ruth, he said:

"Only one moon remains wherein you must decide the ownership of the Golden Pool. Our people are becoming restless and demand that you return at once."

"But I have lost my only protection, the Wampum Belt," replied the girl, "and I fear your treachery."

"I can promise you, Princess White Eagle," he answered, "that you will be perfectly safe." Much against the will of Phil, she promised to come the next day.

As Loomis and Julia were about to follow, there was a knock at the door. It was Henley, bringing Stone Ear. "Now show her the Wampum Belt," he told Loomis. "I can read her mute signs." Stone Ear was shown the belt, after which she made signs to Henley.

"She says she refuses to read the cipher without



Suddenly Ruth, at the wheel, felt someone grasp her from behind . . . and she lost control of the car.



Stone Ear refused to read the message on the Wampum without the amulet, and Julia decided to get it that night.

a certain amulet which Miss Randolph possesses," explained the cowpuncher.

Loomis was dismayed. "We must get hold of that amulet some way," he said.

"I will get it tonight," Julia assured him.

At midnight Ruth suddenly awoke and sat up in bed. She felt about her neck. The amulet was gone. Slipping into a dressing gown, she opened the door of her room and stepped out into the hall just in time to collide with Stone Ear, who had the amulet in her hand. The old squaw had just escaped from down stairs and had snatched the token from Julia as the latter came from Ruth's room.

The excitement in the hallway awoke the entire household. All came running into Ruth's room, Phil anxiously, and Loomis and Julia feigning innocence.

"I will take charge of the woman," declared the crafty Loomis, "and if the belt is found later you can send for her."

In the morning, as Ruth and Phil were getting into the stage coach, Loomis took the driver aside and said, "If any accident should happen to delay this trip, it won't make me feel badly at all." A bill of generous proportions changed hands and the driver winked at Loomis.

In a few moments the coach was on its way. After a drive of about a mile they approached a small bridge which crossed a creek near the edge of the woods. Without slackening speed they rounded the corner and started across the bridge. But the hind wheels of the coach were hurled around and the stage coach slowly tumbled from the bridge to the creek. No one was injured, but the coach was placed in such a position that it was impossible for them to get it back on the bridge.

"Well, what'll we do next?" Phil asked, looking at the girl.

Suddenly Phil saw an automobile coming down the road. In another moment he had hired the driver of the car to take them on their way.

But they had not reckoned on Henley and his men. That worthy hireling of Loomis had followed the stage coach, had seen the accident and had growled to himself when he saw the two young people continue their way in the automobile.

"We've got to head 'em off some way," he told his men. "Let's all scatter and take short cuts."

As the machine was speeding along the road, Phil chanced to look back. He saw two horsemen approaching, urging their horses on to full speed.

Phil took one glance over his shoulder as they rounded the corner. Then, out of a clear sky, a man crashed into the back seat upon Stanton. He had taken a short cut and stationed himself upon the cliff, knowing the car would have to pass that way.

Hopelessly, Ruth endeavored to get up more speed. Evidently the supply of gas was running low. Phil was still struggling in the rear seat with his attacker, and the cowpunchers were already bearing down upon the car. Finally one of them leaped to the automobile directly upon Phil. In the general melee the new arrival and Phil toppled from the car into the road.

Suddenly Ruth, at the wheel, felt someone grasp her from behind. The man from the cliff was still in the car. As he attempted to stop her cries, she lost control of the car—and before the girl could shove on the brakes the clumsy machine and its two occupants plunged over the outside ledge and crashed down the steep slope.

CHAPTER XII

When Phil tumbled from the automobile into the road, he was, as he described it later, "knocked silly" for a moment. When he regained his senses he found himself in the strong grasp of one of his enemies, galloping over the plains on the back of a horse. His captor, knowing that he was far enough away from Ruth Randolph to prevent him from giving the girl aid, shoved the young man from the horse.

Phil struggled to his feet. There was little use in trudging back to where he had left Ruth.

He figured that by this time she had probably escaped her pursuers and was driving the car toward San Mario. He started in that direction.

About an hour later, as he was entering the outskirts of the town, the White Rider galloped up in a cloud of dust.

"Miss Randolph is waiting for you at the hotel in San Mario," the mysterious horseman told him. "She had a narrow escape from death at the hands of your enemies. I appeared on the scene just in time."

"She is safe, then?" inquired Phil, anxiously.



Then Ruth did a very foolish thing. She took the message and showed it to Loomis.

"She is never safe while she is in this country," came the answer. "Another thing," the White Rider added, "tell Miss Randolph that Julia Wells has the Wampum Belt and intends to put it in the bank vault at San Mario. That's all."

Meanwhile, at the San Mario Hotel, a big business deal was being transacted. Sheldon, representing the banking interests in the East, had succeeded in securing half of Jim Loomis' interest in the Golden Pool. After accomplishing this, the enterprising young man decided to hunt up Miss Randolph and persuade her to give the Golden Pool to the Blue Hawks.

But at that moment she was being addressed by both Gray Wolf and Standing Bear, who were pleading their cause for the ownership of the pool.

"If you will decide in favor of the Blue Hawks," Gray Wolf was saying, "we will convert the pool into cash and my tribe will become rich and happy."

"Gray Wolf is wrong," interrupted Standing Bear. "So much gold will bring sloth and corruption to the tribe and disaster to the country."

"But if the white people owned the Golden Pool," retorted the chief of the Blue Hawks, "they would turn it into money just as we intend to do."

"Gray Wolf intends to sell the Golden Pool to a group of eastern bankers," explained Standing Bear, turning to the girl. "Only a few men will benefit."

Then, turning to Standing Bear, she asked, "What would you do with the Golden Pool should I award it to your tribe?"

"If you decide in favor of the Buffaloes," answered Standing Bear, "I will give the gold to the government."

Ruth considered for a moment, then: "I can not decide this question until I find the Wampum Belt."

Gray Wolf left the room angrily. Outside he encountered Loomis and told him what had occurred.

"Then we must keep the girl from the Golden Canyon," Loomis replied. "If she fails to appear there in time to render judgment, the Golden Pool will be divided between the two tribes and we will receive one-half of the wealth, at any rate." As they were talking, Sheldon approached them. He, too, had interviewed the girl and failed. But the crafty Loomis then unfolded a plan which his partners heartily approved of.

Loomis and Julia Wells departed for the bank near by to deposit the Wampum Belt. The bank was owned by Dan Murdock, who was also the proprietor of a gambling house, although few people in San Mario knew it.

"I want to make you a proposition which should be worth your while," Loomis told Murdock. "I want to keep Ruth Randolph here for twenty days. No harm is to come to her. Just see that she does not escape. It means big money in your pocket." He agreed.

In the meantime, Phil had arrived in town, and, seeing Julia and Loomis leave the bank, it did not take him long to understand the situation. A small cavalcade of cowpunchers came riding down the main thoroughfare to make their monthly purchases at the general store. Phil saw that they were from his ranch, and he quickly drew them to a side street and unfolded a plan.

Five minutes later Stanton entered the bank, nodded to Murdock, and stepped over to the desk, pretending to write out a check. Suddenly revolver shots mingled with shouting and the stampede of horses came to their ears. The bank manager rushed to the door and Phil slipped unnoticed into the open vault. Soon the excitement in the street subsided, and Murdock stepped back into the bank and closed the door of the vault.

Phil, on the inside, felt anxious as he saw the door closed, but he was more excited over the hope of finding the Wampum Belt than he was over his escape from the vault. Finally his eyes fell upon the strong box. He opened it. There was the coveted belt! He thrust it inside his shirt and began to wonder how to get out of the vault. Already the close atmosphere was getting to him.

Meanwhile, Murdock had sent for Ruth Randolph and was interviewing the girl in a private room, connected with the bank. After locking the door, he turned to the girl and said bluntly: "A certain party has paid me big money to keep you here for twenty days. I suppose you know what it's all about?"

"What do you mean?" asked the girl, alarmed and angered.

"Just what I say," came the calm answer. "But one thing I'll tell you that might ease your state of mind. The Wampum Belt is in my vault, and nobody can get it except me because nobody else knows the combination. I'm just telling you this because I think you're a good kid, see?"

"But I can't stay here," pleaded the girl. "You must let me go!"

"Well, I sure hate to see you in this mess, but I've got to keep you here. I've accepted their dough and a bargain's a bargain."

(To be continued)

The Sign of the Trident

Adapted by Herbert Crooker, from the Pathe photoplay serial, "White Eagle," starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland.

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Your Chance to Get into the

By Charles Singer

FOUR positions in big motion picture productions at \$100.00 per week to beginners! That's what PANTOMIME has to offer its feminine readers.

It's the opportunity that takes hundreds of young women every year to Los Angeles.

But it is better than they can hope for, because it is seldom that the bigger producers will take a beginner in any capacity.

The people who have offered this opportunity to PANTOMIME readers are Warner Brothers, who have but lately released "Why Girls Leave Home," "School Days," with Wesley Barry and "Your Best Friend," with Vera Gordon. The success of these three productions has determined Warner Brothers upon greater and bigger pictures, and four have already been planned.

It is as a member of the cast of each one of these four that the winners in PANTOMIME'S contest will make their debut in the movies.

The training that they will receive in their initial appearance is assured by the reputation

of the men they will work for. Harry Rapf, producer of the three pictures named above, will produce the four in which the PANTOMIME winners will be given parts, and William Nigh, director of the three successes, will perform the same office on the coming four.

It is not a beauty contest!

Mr. Rapf and Mr. Nigh know many agencies where they can procure all the beauties they require at a smaller salary than they will pay to the winners of the PANTOMIME contest.

Each one of the four productions that will be made in the future has roles which offer great chances to what are known as "types" in the motion picture studio. A "type" is merely a person who has something distinctive in their appearance. Beauty is a type, appeal is a type, bobbed hair is a type, long hair is another type, large eyes is a type, a big mouth is a type, and so on.

Mary Pickford is a "pony" type, on account of her size, blonde "type" because of her hair and coloring, "beauty" type, because of her facial appearance and curly hair, and "juvenile" type, because of her ability to look the age of a child. Ben Turpin is a straight "comedy" type—his cross eyes prohibiting him from being anything else. Almost anyone, unless she is deformed in some way, falls into two or more "type" classes, so that every entry in the contest will have at least that many chances of being one of the winners.

As the PANTOMIME contest is strictly one for "types," mere beauty will not win it. If some entry is excessively beautiful it may be that she will be chosen because she stands so high as such a type.

Eddie Bonns, advertising and publicity manager for Warner Brothers, who selected PANTOMIME from the forty motion picture magazines published, to manage the contest, after Mr. Rapf and Mr. Nigh had decided upon it, said in regard to the judging:

"Both Mr. Rapf and Mr. Nigh make but one restriction, and that is that the winning contestants must be absolutely without experience in motion pictures. The roles for which the winners of the contest will be cast are ones which both the producer and the director feel can be made a feature of the production if the right people are found to fill them.



Harry Rapf, producer of the four features in which winners will have a part, and who will act as one of the judges.

"Previous experience would be a handicap because the conception Mr. Rapf and Mr. Nigh have for these four characters is different from anything that has ever been done on the screen. Carrying out of these conceptions will be up to the natural talent of the person selected."

The four productions in which the winners of the PANTOMIME "Big Four" winners will appear are:

"From Rags to Riches," featuring Wesley Barry.

"Little Heroes of the Street," featuring Wesley Barry.

"Brass," from the novel written by Charles C. Norris.

"Main Street," from the novel written by Sinclair Lewis.

That each one of the four will be outstanding motion picture successes of the year is as certain as anything that has not been proven can be. Wesley Barry made the biggest success of his career in "School Days." The next Warner Brothers attraction produced by Mr. Rapf and directed by Mr. Nigh would be a big production whether the story amounted to anything or not merely because of the success of "School Days." But in "From Rags to Riches" Warner Brothers have a melodrama that has played year after



Madge Bellamy did a small bit on the stage for her start.



Jacqueline Logan is another star who won her start as a member of a chorus of comedy company



Mary Pickford started at a salary of five dollars a day, paid only on the days she actually worked.



Hope Hampton won a contest and was starred in her first picture.

Movies at \$100 a Week

Publisher of *Pantomime*



Will Nigh, who will direct the four productions in which contest winners will appear, and who is also a judge.

year on the speaking stage, and which contains all the ingredients which made the novels of Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic the best sellers that were ever written. "Little Heroes of the Street" is another melodrama which might have been written especially for "Freckles" Barry.

The other two are so well known to the present generation in novel form that it is hardly necessary to comment upon the strength of both the stories. The casts for neither of them have been fully selected, but the two who are fortunate enough to be chosen for parts in them can rest assured that the players with whom they will be cast will be well known in the screen world.

It will be no long-drawn-out contest, for the first winner will be selected from among those entries received up to midnight on May 1st. That means that no one whose application is not received in the office of PANTOMIME later than five weeks from next Monday will have the chance of being chosen for the cast of "From Rags to Riches." Production on this picture will start May 15, and the intervening time will be necessary for the judges to make their decision and for the successful entry to reach the studio where the picture will be made.

There is a second advantage in getting entries in early for those who are not successful in being chosen for the first of the four productions will

have a second chance when the member of the cast for "Little Heroes of the Street" is to be selected. All entries received from the start of the contest to June 15 will be considered for the cast of this production, real work on which will start July 1st.

The same procedure will be followed in regard to the other two productions, the entries for the particular production closing fifteen days before the actual filming starts. "Brass" will start at the studio on September 1st, which means that all entries received up to August 15th will have a chance of getting a place in the cast of this picture. The contest as far as entries are concerned, will close on October 1st, for the production of "Main Street," the fourth and last for which PANTOMIME has the opportunity of selecting one member of the cast, will be started.

The chance which is offered to the four readers of PANTOMIME is a greater one than the start made by several of the present-day stars. Many of those who are making small fortunes in the way of salary jumped into prominence over night, through opportunities they made for themselves far less than those offered the winners of the PANTOMIME contest.

Katherine MacDonald, who now heads one of the production units of Preferred Pictures, Inc., is a striking example of the chance that is offered in a small part in a big picture. Not quite four years ago she was chosen as a "beauty" type in a big production. Her appearance and bearing on the screen attracted sufficient attention so that a company was organized for the express purpose of starring her. Her first salary as a star was not announced, but just a year ago now she signed another contract for a series of twelve pictures for which she is to receive \$600,000. The twelve pictures will take about two years to make, so that the girl who was selected as a "type" about four years ago is now earning nearly \$1,000 per day.

Hope Hampton is another whose ascension to stardom was the most rapid which the annals of the screen affords. She won a beauty contest conducted by a Texas newspaper while she was a student at a school in New Orleans. She was taken to a studio and there showed such talent that she was starred in the first picture in which she ever appeared. She is now the owner of her own company making about four pictures a year and enjoying an income that cannot be less than at least \$200,000 per year.

Madge Bellamy is another example of how

quick a jump to fame and a big income is possible in pictures. A little over a year ago she was a struggling young player on the speaking stage. Then she got a part with William Gillette in one of his biggest successes, "Dear Brutus." Thomas H. Ince, the big producer, saw the show and signed Miss Bellamy to a contract which gives her an income in excess of that of the president of the United States, and in less than a year has given her opportunity of playing leading roles in many productions.

Marion Davies had such a minor part in pictures that she was practically unknown until William Randolph Hearst saw and appreciated her talent and he made her the star of the leading production unit of Cosmopolitan Productions. The terms of her contract have never been made public but it is sufficient to let her keep a luxurious home and pay an income tax that would support ten or twenty average families.

A position as a bathing girl in Mack Sennett's comedy company is far below the positions that Warner Brothers is offering the winners of the "Big Four" contest. Yet many of the best-

(Continued on page 30)



Katherine MacDonald jumped from a small part to stardom.



Marie Prevost was a Sennett bathing girl until her talent was seen and now she is a star.



The talent of Marion Davies was recognized quickly.



One "type" part in a big production jumped Katherine McGuire to leading roles.

Pantomime

By Myrtle Gebhart



Paragraphs

from Hollywood



Tony Moreno got real witty with a lady admirer.

A LADY admirer called upon Tony Moreno at the studio. "Oh, Mr. Moreno, you were wonderful in 'The Secret of the Hills'. But in one scene you were climbing down a hill dressed in a tweed suit and the next flash showed you at the bottom of the hill attired in a dark hiking suit. Where did you change?"

"My dear madam," answered Tony, "that is the secret of the hills!"

The wickedest thing I have seen this week: Charlie Chaplin crumbling Post-Toasties at the supper table in a cafe and asking everybody the name of an unknown lovely damsel in a corner.

Pauline Frederick made a speech at the annual banquet of the Advertising Club of Los Angeles. No affair of distinction is complete without "Polly" and her scintillant wit. But I like her much better in her western togs, staging a rodeo for the benefit of the crippled children of a local orphanage—which is her chief hobby. She is going to indulge her hobby soon again with another rodeo. Dignified paunchy gentlemen—drab, malformed children with their souls in their eyes—"Polly" is a favorite with them all.

Bertram Grassby is working in a new Hampton picture with a monkey. He is supposed to shove his coconut-throwing nibs away roughly and after each scene has to caress the dirty little dickens or he (she or it) gets offended and refuses to act again. Bertram, though, is a trained caresser, so I trust Mr. Hampton will have no further trouble with his monkeys.

You can get most anything out of that Universal lot. A few weeks ago somebody discovered a river, but the sun came back and the river went away. It happened so easily that they thought, "Why not dig and see what else we can get?" Present excavations are bringing to light a lake, which they hope, by irrigation and inundation, to make permanent. They are planting a ring-around-the-rosy of pines to make the lake feel at home.

Molly Malone says she keeps fit by a daily round of boxing. One by one are my ideals shattered.

Mary and Doug are moving into a beautiful new studio—they bought it last week for \$150,000 from Jesse Hampton. It is only four blocks from my house, thank goodness. Now I won't have to take "Henry" out on bad days.



Edith Roberts is giving a series of "Vienna Schnitzel Parties."

Wanda Hawley is noted for her "musical teas" and Bill Hart used to give campfire parties before he got married. But Edith Roberts wins the crystal bathing-suit with her "Vienna schnitzel parties." I had some of the breaded veal tinted delicately in a "deep fat."

The war must be over. Why doesn't somebody tell Washington?

Word comes now that Hope Hampton will be out our way soon to make pictures. Thought Hopie wouldn't live in the barren West? Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady—two other dyed-in-the-wool Easterners who think Chicago is on the Pacific coast, though, to be sure, Miss Ferguson did tarry a bit at the Paramount West Coast studio last year—are due here soon, too, as are the Selznick forces. We live and learn.

Though Lucille Ricksen is but twelve, she has all the earmarks of a famous actress. Her home was robbed the other night and the bold bad man swiped her gold locket and ring. I'm glad the Goldwyn publicist didn't try to put over a diamond necklace on us.

Oh, Hollywood is a swift place, no doubt of it. Here comes Jean Jarvis to court, saying she only loved her husband two days after they were married. Jean, a motion picture actress, was sixteen and husband Edward was nineteen. They're several years older—now.

Majel Coleman (whose modest "b" has been press-agented into a "j") entertained for her sister-actresses who entered the films via a beauty contest. The guests attended a local theatre where a Hope Hampton picture was showing—Hopie also trod the contest route to fame—and included Gertrude Olmstead, Mary Philbin and Violet Sheldon.

Marie Prevost does something astonishing every week. This week she's gone to bed with forty-eight others. But they're kiddies supposed to be in an orphanage and boast various colors and conditions of cleanliness.

When Tommy Meighan was on location recently, he made the other chaps stop smoking because he claimed it injured the flavor of his tea. At least, that's what a member of his company is telling on him. I never thought it of Tommy!

George Ade and Will Payne have winter homes in Florida. "Do you live near Mr. Ade?" I asked Mr. Payne—I have a girlish passion for questions.

"Nope," replied Mr. Payne. "I'm afraid to live too close to him—I might catch golf from him."

Charles Christie has bought himself a new house for \$30,000. It has ten rooms and several weepy pepper trees. Look for some hot stuff in his new comedies.

Saw Harold Lloyd out with his best girl last night. Sure, she was good-looking. Nope, 'twasn't Mildred. It was his mother. She's his pal and he takes her around a lot. "Mother's just a big kid," he says.

The wife of F. Richard Jones, Mabel Norman's director, wants a divorce because Dick wouldn't let her use his name in the telephone book but gave that honor to a former wife. She says it caused her great humiliation. It wouldn't me—think what an easy way to avoid bill collectors! Divorces are demanded out here on very serious charges—a while back a little lady asked the nice judge please to give her one because her husband wouldn't wash behind his ears!

Marjorie Daw says she isn't engaged to Johnny Harron, brother of the late Robert Harron. But "Johnny" is a wonderful boy, she sighs—and admits that she thinks a great deal of him. Their friendship dates back to their childhood, when Marjorie and her kid brother, Chandler, Robert and Johnny went around together at the old Triangle studios.



Marjorie Daw says she isn't engaged to Johnny Harron, but admits "he's a wonderful boy."

A current rumor has it that Frank Lawrence, former editor-in-chief of Universal, has offered Carl Laemmle \$75,000 for the "trimmings" from "Foolish Wives." The name of Dale Fuller is linked with the rumor. Dale played a servant role and it is believed that, with the shooting of a few additional scenes, an entire picture may be contrived from the "cuttings" of scenes in which she appeared. It isn't everybody who can sell the contents of his waste-basket!

Elmer Sheeley, the art director, was suffering from a toothache. And a street corner late at night is no place to entertain a toothache. His dentist hove in sight.

"Gee, Doc, I wish you were in your swell office. Gotta fierce toothache."

The dentist informed him an office wasn't at all essential and produced a pair of pliers. Elmer braced himself against a water plug—and the cruel deed was done.

Cecil B. De Mille is due home soon. He cancelled his trip to Africa because of rheumatism. Quite sure it wasn't lions, Mr. De Mille?

"Snub" Pollard had to put a dollar into the penalty box, an institution in force at the Hal E. Roach studios for those who pull off a bad pun. "Snub" was wondering who is better known, X-Ray or Charles Ray. "Snub" is going to get married to Marie Mosquini pretty soon.

Louise Dresser settled down in nearby Glendale for the winter. But I never heard of anybody lingering very long in Glendale. Sure enough, Louise soon was lured over to the R-C studio to play with her old friend, Pauline Frederick.

Mother "Peg" Talmadge has gone back East to gather up a couple of dozen trunks of clothes that Norma and Constance overlooked in their pilgrimage hither.

Saw Conrad Nagel down on the beach yesterday afternoon, sprinting just as if he were going to win a cup or something. He used to be prize sprinter at college. And that's the way he keeps in condition now, before an audience composed of his wife, the lovely Ruth Helms, and baby Ruth Margaret, who is pretty near half-past-one and the darlingest small piece I ever saw. Papa had bought her a beautiful balloon—her first—and she was scared of the thing!



Conrad Nagel spends a lot of time sprinting up and down the beach—with wife watching.

My Start in Pictures

By Jack Holt

I CAME to California after several years in Alaska and on the Oregon ranges. I didn't have much money and was anxious to get a job. Back East I had had some experience on the stage, and when I learned that a new movie company was making a picture at San Rafael, not far from where I was located, I applied for a part. I was offered a job as a "double" for one of the principal players, and took it.

The picture was called "Salomy Jane," and Beatrice Michelena and House Peters played the leads. Bill Nigh directed and assumed a part.

One of the functions of a good "double" is to stay far enough away from the camera so that the difference between him and the original won't be discovered. Consequently I wasn't particularly thrilled by breaking into the movies, for I hardly knew there was such a thing as a camera around. I was even out of ear-shot of the machine.

Even when I saw "Salomy Jane" on the screen, I couldn't get a "kick" out of it. I couldn't find myself among the mob of extras.

Still, I liked the work. I stuck to it, and it wasn't so long before I was playing real parts. Now I wouldn't leave the profession for the world. The folks here at the studio are fine, and I'm having the time of my life.



By Constance Binney

I WAS very glad, when I made my movie debut, that I had a sister and that she was playing in the same picture with me. You see, my sister Faire had had considerable studio experience, and she was able to explain to me, who had never done anything but stage work, how to make up for the camera, get the right cinema tempo, and so on.

My first picture was "Sporting Life," one of Maurice Tourneur's big out-door melodramas. I recall that I didn't care especially for the scenes that were made inside the studio—the lights bothered my eyes—but there were lots of dogs and horses in the outdoor episodes, and I had a fine time. And, of course, it was awfully nice that Faire and I were able to be together. It was the first and only time we have ever appeared in the same picture.

I recall that in the cast of "Sporting Life" were Holmes Herbert, Warner Richmond, and Ralph Graves, who has since done so well with D. W. Griffith.

I was very ignorant as to how to act before the camera, and Mr. Tourneur had to spend hours explaining things to me. I shall never believe that getting excited easily is a characteristic of Frenchmen, for he was very patient, and I owe a great deal of my education in picture fundamentals to him.

Welch the Bolshevik

By Carleton Armstrong

S'POSIN' you had youth, and a beautiful wife, and a job as a movie star paying you umpty-hundreds-of dollars every week, and a classy little apartment, and dogs, and everything like that—wouldn't you be pretty contented?

So would I. So would most people.

But Niles Welch isn't.

"I'm a Bolshevick," he assured me. "I'm agin' everything."



The Welch family told me they had two "children." Then they showed 'em to me. Here they are.

To say truth, I don't believe Niles is always as unhappy as he was that morning. You see, it was a sort of blue-funk day. Soggy gray clouds dripped down an intermittent cold drizzle. Oh, it was a fine day—strictly in atmospheric accord with the murder of your mother-in-law, but that's about all.

In addition to which, just a few moments before Charlie Duprez, Mr. Selznick's demon photographer, and myself rang the bell, a telegram had arrived informing Mr. and Mrs. Welch that some \$10,000 worth of furniture they had left in Hollywood had been totally destroyed by fire.

"And the worst of it is," said Mrs. Welch. "I had it insured for full value, and my policy paid up three years in advance—but my brother moved it to another house a few weeks ago—and didn't notify the insurance company. And now my attorneys tell me that makes the entire policy no good. We can't collect a cent. We're just naturally ten thousand dollars out. Pleasant news to greet you at the breakfast table, isn't it?"

Friend husband—wife, incidentally, calls him "Honey"—sighed resignedly.

"Oh, what's the difference?" he murmured. "It's just another punch on the nose. I'm getting used to them."

From all of which you may gather that it was not a particularly auspicious day for an interview. Charlie and I half rose to go—then we looked out the window, saw that drizzling rain, and sat down again.

Following the approved course (see any correspondence school lesson on how to interview a movie star), we tried to engage Sir Niles on the subject of his art.

The effort was a failure.

"Art—hell," said our hero. "No art to it. You just get before the camera—and the director tells you you're supposed to be experiencing such-and-such an emotion—and you do it. That's all there is to it. You do it so often, it gets to be almost second nature. It isn't really hard to do at all.

"For instance, suppose a director were to come in here and tell me to register misery. Believe me, boy, today that would be a cinch."

I had an idea. I do get 'em sometimes. "Suppose," I murmured, "just suppose he told you to register great gobs of joy."

Sir Niles hesitated. Then: "I guess if he told me that today, I'd have to quit my job—no! I forgot! I *can't* quit my job now. Not with that \$10,000 loss staring me in the face."

Mrs. Niles had been rustling mysteriously about in another room. Now she appeared with the reason therefor. Something dark red, and very nice, in long glasses. Mr. Volstead probably wouldn't like it—or rather Mr. Volstead might like it very much, but he certainly wouldn't approve. At least not in public.

We disposed of what the lady brought in, and right away everybody felt more cheerful.

"Want to see our family?" asked Mrs. Welch.

"Why," I gasped, "I didn't know—"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Niles, brightly. "Two of 'em. I'll bring 'em in."

So she disappeared—and came back a moment later followed by two of the most beautifully ugly English bull-dogs I have ever seen. Snow-white, they are—and looking for all the world like it would tickle them to death to eat you up.

"But they won't," Sir Niles assured me, and then added: "unless they eat you up with love."

The dogs, I was informed, are blue-ribbon winners in many a show. They are a breeding pair. Mrs. Welch plays "mama" to the he-dog. Sir Niles is "daddy" to the more deadly of the species.

We talked dogs a-while, and Sir Niles was almost cheerful—dogs and horses being his pet hobbies—until he chanced to look out of the window into his back yard.

I forgot to state that the Welch menage is located on the first floor of one of those two-hundred-dollar-a-week apartment houses in the really aristocratic section of Greenwich Village. If you doubt the price—or the aristocracy—go down and see for yourself.

"Look at that yard," quoth Sir Niles. "I ask you—just look! And to think I had to come away from my beloved California for—this!!!"

"So far as that's concerned, look at this apartment," he went on. "So darned dark we have to keep the electric lights burning at high noon, in order to see our way around. Look at our kitchen—so small Mrs. Welch has to go outside to change her mind."

"Why out in Hollywood we had a whole bungalow—with every room in it as big as this whole apartment—and it cost us less rent for the house than it does for this chicken coop, too—a whole lot less."

"I take it you are not overly in love with New York," I murmured.

"I am not," said Sir Niles succinctly. "Why should I be? I love to ride horseback. The best I get here is the subway. I like nature. All I get here is crowds and smoke-stacks. I love outdoors, and exercise. Out West I can get both. Here—well, I can take the dogs out for a walk—in the back yard."

Mrs. Welch interjected.

"Speaking of back yards," she said sweetly, "it might help some if you cleaned out that disgraceful and disreputable pile of lumber out there. I have a faint recollection of your announcing you needed exercise. There's your chance, Honey. There's your big chance."

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"You complain about the back yard," said Mrs. Welch, "but I don't see you cleaning it out. Going to get busy?"



Niles sat down on a flock of two-by-four scantlings and meditated on the general unhappiness of life.

Nightie Night!

A Page of
After Dark Fashions

Below—Marie Prevost believes in solid comfort, even though sleeping. Her pyjamas are of pale blue crepe de chine with white washable satin collar and cuffs. Pink satin ribbon adds to the delectable appearance.

While we don't think the string of pearls exactly necessary, still, we don't complain when anyone can look as fetching as Madge Bellamy does in this half negligee of Georgette with lace sleeves and a gown of crepe de chine.

Here is Dorothy Dickson attired for a session with her favorite author just before retiring. The half negligee is of Georgette with lace and marabout trimming, while the gown is of orchid crepe de chine with a lace neck.

Left—Dorothy Dalton is rather fastidious, even when sleepy. She wears a full negligee of Georgette heavily embroidered in pastel colored silk, flecked with silver, and the gown is cut full and sweeping, of floor length.

Right—Elsie Ferguson is the wearer and designer of this robe of the Empire period, made of palest pink satin combined with cream colored Duchess lace. A two-inch moire canary-yellow ribbon fastens between shoulders and lies in front.



Breakfast with Ben Turpin

By Bob Dorman

"WHEN can we have an interview?" we asked Ben over the 'phone. "Come out to breakfast tomorrow morning and have some ham and eggs with me and the wife," said Ben.

"Whenever you want me," added Ben, "you can find me on the front steps. I don't go out much except on Sundays. I'm strong for the front steps. It's a life-long habit of mine, sittin' out and watchin' the world go by. You see some funny things from a front door-step and I suppose people goin' by say the same thing when they look at me."

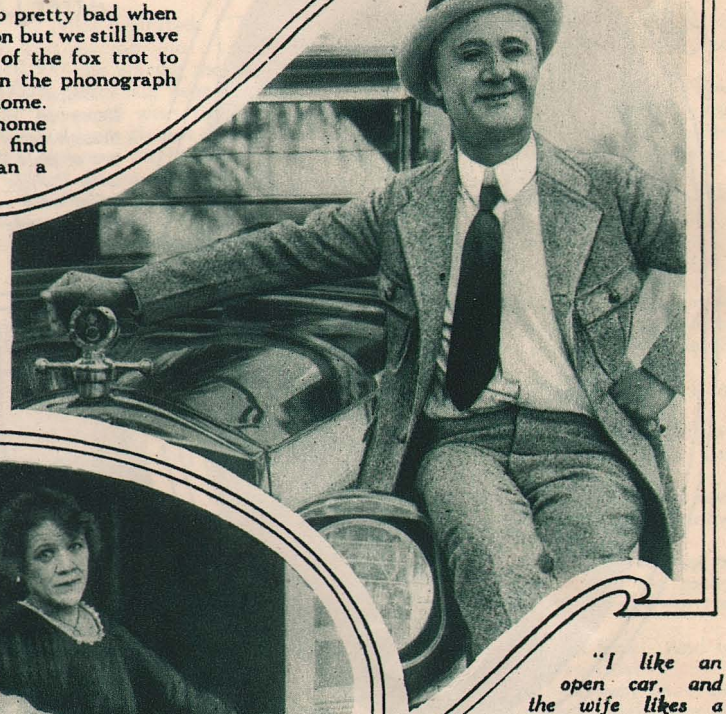
We arrived next morning just as Ben was going to the grocery store. His wife playfully pulled his ear as he marched down the steps of their bungalow.

"If you come back from that grocery store without the eggs, I'll pull your ear again," she said.

Ben complains that he has a poor grocery store memory.

steps either. It broke us up pretty bad when the toddle went out of fashion but we still have the waltz, and a variation of the fox trot to fall back upon. We turn on the phonograph when we want a dance at home. Some evenings I come home tired from the studio and find nothing more relaxing than a good book. But if the wife starts to play the piano when I'm reading I go off in a snore in about five minutes. A wife has to be an accomplished musician to be able to do that.

"I understand the 'Washington John-



"I like an open car, and the wife likes a closed one, so we compromised and got a sedan."



Ben always prepares breakfast and then his wife cooks some food.

"It's a childhood growth," he says. "When I was a boy if they sent me to the store for a gallon of gasoline, I came back with a package of salaratus. Even now I get all balled up when the grocer says: 'Anything else?' I just can't think on my feet in a grocery store when a lot of customers are hanging around waiting for me to finish ordering."

Then, as an afterthought, Ben added: "I like a good breakfast. No grabbing off a cup of coffee and a bun for me. I get up good'n early, shave carefully and then sit down with the morning paper and eat leisurely. There were days when the wife and I couldn't afford a maid, but now we have one to serve breakfast. Give me a good grapefruit, ham and eggs and toast and a piping hot cup of coffee, and I start the day right."

After breakfast Ben turned on the phonograph. "Dance? Sure the wife and I can dance," said Ben. "And don't think we can't do the new



Ben insists he is absolute boss in his own home whenever he wants to do what his wife wants him to.



The comedian can throw his voice in almost as many ways at once as his eyes can look.

nie' has gone out," mused Ben. "Too bad, it was a good step. The wife and I are learning the camel walk now. We had just mastered the Tia Juana Jerk when that 'Frisco Johnnie' step came in and we had to drop it. I like the shuffle too, even though it is jerky. But for a real natty step, give me the Palo Hop. With a fox-trot time it's a cuckoo."

Ben has two pets—"Cock-eyed Cecelia," his parrot, and "Cross-eyed Charlie," an aged, gray-whiskered little dog given to him by an admirer some years ago. The dog has a slant in his left optical orb with a remarkable resemblance to Ben's money-making X-eye.

Ben's parrot is never far off. You can believe

it or not, but Ben wants the bird with him always. "I'm superstitious," says Ben. "That bird not only can talk, but it has human intelligence. It stays by me just like the warning-bird does on the back of a hippopotamus. The parrot warns me against strangers who may want to take my week's salary away from me—oil-stock sellers and the like."

"If one of those human birds of prey come around, Cecelia will flutter her tail feathers and shriek: 'Get away from me with your stale crackers. Out, you soft-boiled egg. Vamoose, you son of a bum.'"

Clemenceau recently had the unusual privilege of unveiling his own statue—a function which usually takes place thirty to a hundred years after the distinguished one has been slid into a mausoleum niche—but Ben Turpin also has not been overlooked by his admirers.

A company has recently been formed in Chicago which is putting on the market tens of thousands of Ben Turpin statuettes. They sent one to Ben.

"Best likeness I ever had moulded," says Ben. "Caricature? Ridiculous! It couldn't have been more faithfully cast if I had laid down and had plaster of Paris poured all over me and a death mask made of my face. My wife says it's better'n any photograph I ever had taken."

Ben's hobby is ventriloquism. He has a "stuffed lad," such as the professional ventriloquist uses, and can do some remarkable voice-throwing. If Ben ever left pictures he could go into vaudeville with that ventriloquist act which he occasionally "pulls" for his friends.

"Yep, I get lots of fan mail," says Ben. "I once got a letter from a girl who said she admired me. I framed it. No others have come in since. However, the kids write me tons of letters. And that's the kind of praise I like. When my 'kid mail' slackens I begin to worry. Right now

(Continued on page 30)

How to Get in the Movies

The Quickest Way to Get Before the Camera

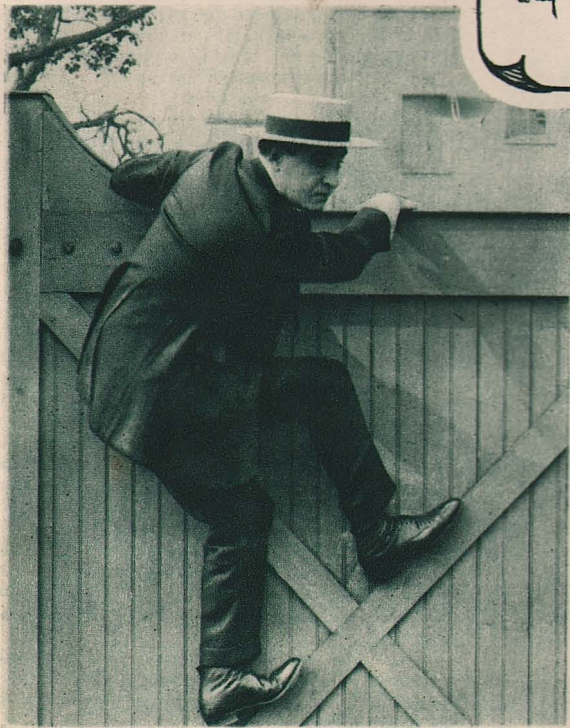
Pictured for PANTOMIME by Earl Metcalf
Charles Duprez, of Selznick, at the Camera

Every movie star receives hundreds and hundreds of letters from ambitious movie fans. Many of them tell of the wonderful talents they control and write in to their favorite and ask him or her, as the case may be, just about how they should go about getting before the camera. Very, very few wish to start at the bottom and we herewith submit a sample of letter that is received. Mr. Earl Metcalf decided to go to great expense and illustrate for the movie fans the quickest way he knows of. Here they are. Read 'em—then do 'em—although; of course, we don't insist on it.

Missouri Valley, Ia.
March 25/1922

Dear My Earl Metcalf,

I have much admired your work on the moving picture screen and am quite sure that if I was showed how to act for a screen I could make a peach of a actor and finally a Star. As only my big brother has a job that draws as high as \$20 a week in our family of ten, I of course cant start at the bottom like others who havent the talent like me. I often play in amateurs plays and often I come off the aff air in fine. Please Mr Metcalf tell me the quickest way to get before the camera.
Yours in adoration
Jake Brown



Jump the fence at the studio.

Push your way roughly past the man at the studio door.



Then, if you have a clear road, dash into the studio and make a jump for the camera.

Of course, it may end this way, BUT faint heart never won fair lady.

The Little Girl with the Christmas Tree Eyes

By Margaret Maurice

SUPPOSE you were a little lady of just six summers, and had been a motion picture actress for most five years and had played with such stars as Mary Pickford and Will Rogers—now wouldn't you be puffed up to the skies?

Most anybody would. But Jeanette isn't—little Jeanette Trebaol, that actress half-portion in size but whose future promises much. Many an older actress would give her best pink silk frock—and at least two initials from her Good Name!—for chances that have come, almost unasked, to the youngest Trebaol.

The last time I saw Jeanette she had just finished a role with Will Rogers in "A Poor Relation" at the Goldwyn studio and was bewailing the fact that they'd never let her play "dress-up" parts. "I'm always so raggedy," moaned primrose lips, as she investigated her reflection in the mirror of my handbag. "They never let me look nice. And I *could* with a little fixin'."

"But, Jeanette," I reminded her, "it takes a real actress to play character roles."

"Yes, but Mama says I'm not a real actress," Jeanette confessed ruefully. "They just tell me I am, so's not to hurt my feelings. That's all taffy."

Refreshing in this day of the wisdom of celluloid-children, isn't it?

Jeanette makes me think of my little niece in St. Louis. She is that "natural" kind of a child—not beautiful in the accepted standard of the stage's artificiality, but wholesome, sweet, childishly sincere, and just a wee bit mischievous. There's always a prankishness that seems to bubble just beneath her poise.

Jeanette has eyes that are a study in themselves: one moment they dream of fairylands beyond the ken of grown-ups, and the next sparkle like a Christmas tree, alight with an inward flame of cheer, lights that have hidden caverns back of them. They are swiftly penetrating, wide-open.

She has a habit of sending her thoughts into imaginative crannies and pulling out the most astonishing opinions! One feels already an unconscious groping, a differentiation between the real and the artificial—you ought to hear her scornful opinion of certain affected actresses!

Her mother is striving to develop in the child an analytical attitude that later will be a determining factor in keeping Jeanette's feet upon the earth and her head out of the clouds. For her recent work has proved that Jeanette has a decided future.

Jeanette is the youngest of thirteen children,

nine of whom are "in pictures." But she is the most famous of Trebaol & Co. And she started the others traveling via the Family Ford to the daily life of Make-Believe at the studios. She first "acted" at the tender age of eighteen months, with Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris"; and between those days of infancy and her present mature popularity (the popularity *is* mature, if Jeanette isn't) were years of hard work. She has been sister to Tony Moreno—for which she is envied by many young ladies; she has appeared with George Beban, Earle Williams, Will Rogers, Mary Pickford and goodness knows how many others!—Jeanette, to be perfectly frank, has forgotten all their names!

Father Jean, daddy of all this brood, suffered a loss of mental faculties and disappeared while in service during the World War. While teaching the soldiers at one of the army training camps he complained of a terrific headache, went out for a

walk—and never returned. Mother Trebaol believes that he is living somewhere, unaware of his identity. And this is one reason why she is anxious for her children to attain success on the screen—believing that perhaps Father Jean will see their faces on the silversheet and recall his home life. Baby Jeanette was his favorite among the children—and wouldn't it be wonderful if her screen-self would be the instrument of restoring Father Jean's memory?

Jeanette is not a coquette. She boasts but two lovers—all too few for a young lady of her charm. The men she has chosen for her life-mates are Will Rogers and James Young; and the fact that they forgot to wait for her and got themselves other wives does not deter her in the slightest. She's willing to share 'em—with reservations.

James Young, by the way, is the director who persuaded Jeanette to stop being cry-baby and become a real actress. She had appeared in many pictures but always would she set up a great wailing when she faced the camera. The mother was even censured for making the child go through with something so obviously terrifying:

"But it was a senseless fear—and I wanted her to overcome it," says Mrs. Trebaol. "I didn't want her to grow up with the memory of having been forced to do something unpleasant." And finally, when Jimmy Young was directing Earle Williams in "The Rogue's Romance," he so completely won Jeanette's admiration with the deft way he had of handling her that she lost, for always, her fear of the camera.

Jeanette thinks Mary Pickford "nice."

She is told that her own success is nothing unusual; she accepts her work as part of her life; she feels none of the glamour of the child who watches the silversheet in the dim theatre, with its play of make-believe. To Jeanette there is no illusion: one goes to the studio, one does what the director says and one accepts the adulation as a part of it all. For to her, with her French blood, love and kindness are the most natural things in the world. . . . She knows nothing else.

I asked her what she intends becoming when grown-up, expecting an eager, "stenographer," or "society lady" or "mother." But Jeanette sighed and answered regretfully, "Oh, I guess I'll have to just be a movie actress—that's all I can do."

"All" she can do, perhaps! But how many children in this fair land envy this little girl with the Christmas-tree eyes her life in the land of pantomime!



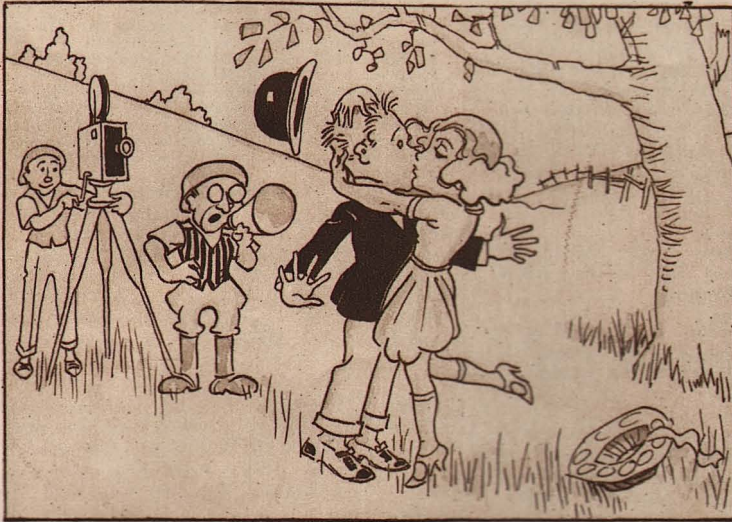
"Mama says I'm not a real actress," Jeanette confessed ruefully. "They just tell me I am, so's not to hurt my feelings."



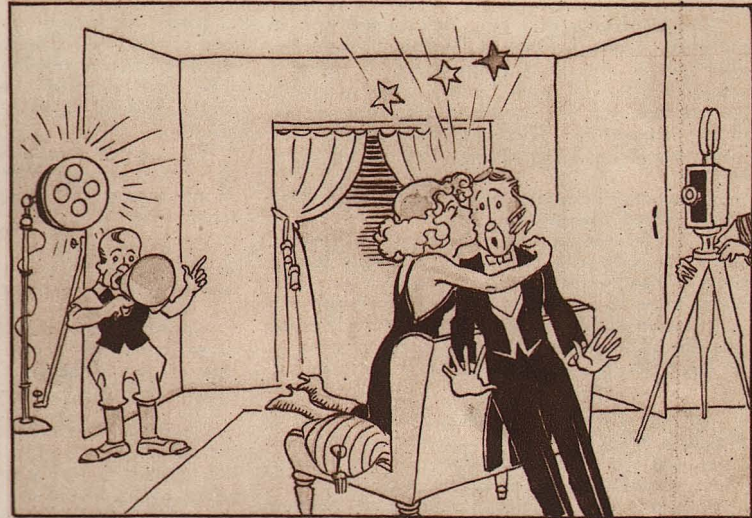
Here's the entire Trebaol family—thirteen of 'em—and every last one in the movies. Jeanette, the youngest, heads the bunch.

Why Girls Make the Movies!

SCREENIZED BY FRED R. MORGAN



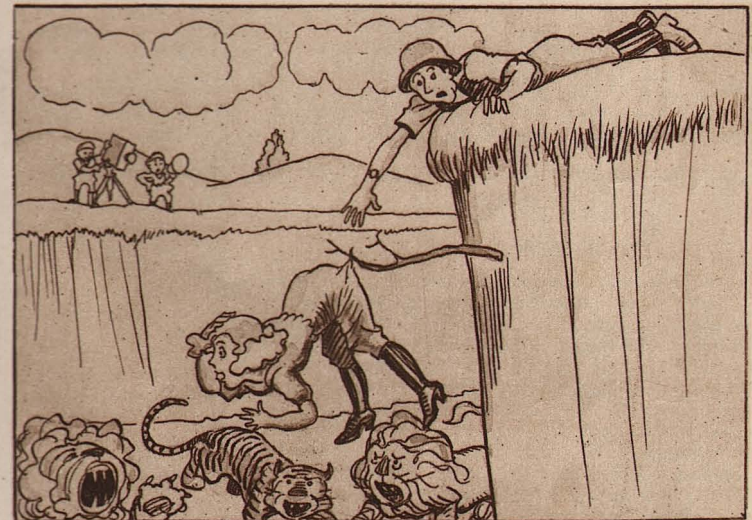
SOME GIRLS THINK THE MOVIES
A CHANCE TO WORK OUTDOORS!



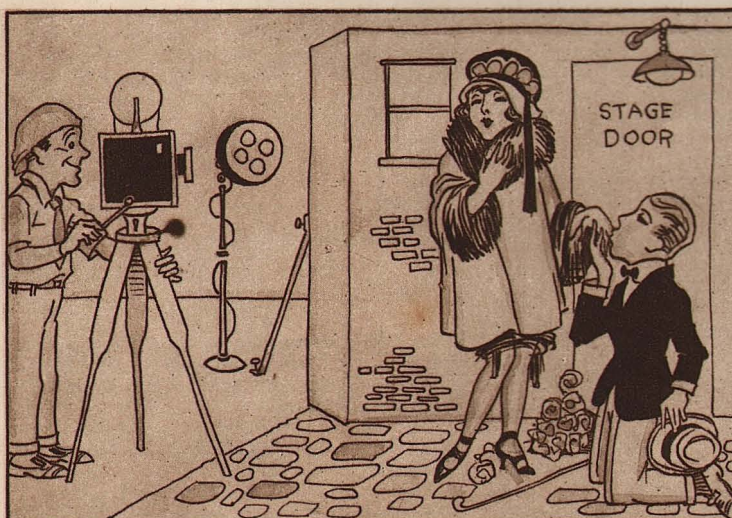
-OTHER GIRLS LIKE TO
WORK INSIDE!



SOME GIRLS SIMPLY MUST
HAVE A THRILL!



-OTHER GIRLS MUST HAVE
SEVERAL THRILLS!



SOME GIRLS THINK THE MOVIES
A CHANCE TO GET ALL DRESSED UP!



-AND-ER- OTHERS THINK
THE REVERSE!

FANDOM NOTES

"The hardest task I ever had to perform in pictures," declared Thomas Meighan, "was when all I had to do was to make a speech before a woman's club. It wasn't even a real woman's club, either, but just a movie gathering in one of the scenes for 'Our Leading Citizen,' the 'members' being extra people hired for the occasion.

"I was very nervous," admitted the star, "and when Alfred Green, the director, told me to start in, I felt tongue-tied. But finally I launched forth into a diatribe concerning a subject that is pretty close to my heart. The speech was supposed to be an argument for a public playground in the town and I stated that charity to children was one of the most wonderful forms of charity. So I got through with it, but I'm still shaky!"

"Girls, the clothes that Mae Murray wears in 'Peacock Alley' will give you a thrill, I imagine. Boys, the clothes that she doesn't wear will—er—command your attention, I'm sure."

Such was the comment recently of Norman Clark, photoplay critic of the *Baltimore News*.

Mae's husband, Robert Z. Leonard, directed "Peacock Alley." Mae appears as a Parisian dancer.

Thomas Meighan first met the present Mrs. Meighan (Frances Ring) while playing in "The College Widow," one of George Ade's plays. Which might be accounted one of the reasons for his strong friendship for the humorist. Mr. Meighan is at the present time starring in a new picture founded on a story especially written for him by Mr. Ade, entitled "Our Leading Citizen."

An Irish Lyric

(Continued from page 7)

through a crystal haze. Goldwyn's "The Wall Flower" was just an ice-cream-soda served up as a five-course dinner, in which Colleen applied modern and feminine psychology to the task of winning a male and taught the neglected sisterhood a few new tricks. But her work firmly established her as star-stuff, if, indeed, her past characterizations left any doubt of it. She has just finished "Sent For Out," written for her by Rupert Hughes and in which she is featured. She is considering at present several very flattering offers.

Colleen's days fairly sing with color. She herself seems shot with gold, from her burnished red hair to the melody always rollicking upon her lips. Life to her just now is an ice-cream soda, fizzing and bubbling on top with deeper joys beneath—she is delving now for the cherry and I wouldn't be surprised at any hidden miracles that she will bring out of her life. For she has tenfold that joyous Irish gift for finding happiness.

She makes me think of that line, "Youth eats miracles with its breakfast not knowing that they are not porridge." She has a springtime manner and a merry twinkle in her Irish eyes and, with her fluffy red hair, seems as if she had sprung from the sun-fire itself.

More power to ye, Colleen, lass!

Your Chance to Get into the Movies at \$100 a Week

(Continued from page 21)

known players of the screen attracted the attention necessary for their rapid advancement through the small opportunity offered by this position. Marie Prevost, Jacqueline Logan and Katherine McGuire are three who have risen to the heights in a remarkably short time.

Not many months ago all three of these young players were members of the "bathing beauties." Miss Prevost is now with Universal Film Company, being starred in pictures and the head of a production unit. Miss Logan holds the same enviable position with Goldwyn Pictures. Miss

STUDIO JOTTINGS

By a Staff Correspondent

Harry Beaumont, the Metro director, saw one of the "extra" actors of his company in the midst of festive revels in Los Angeles one night. The next morning the actor appeared at the studio looking ill and asked to be excused for the day.

"I've got a 'head'," he explained.

"That's no way to get ahead," said Mr. Beaumont, giving the "extra" his next-time-you're-fired warning.

"The real flapper," says Viola Dana, "is easily spotted in the winter time. You always see her with her goloshes flapping."

Gareth Hughes says stardom has brought with it so many tips about how he might invest his salary that if he took them up, he would be tipped from his balance.

Director Maxwell Karger had become enraged at the stupidity of an actor hired as an extra, an actor who had a genius for doing the wrong thing. "I'd like to brain him," said Mr. Karger, heatedly. But then he reflected: "It couldn't be done."

Fannie Hurst, who recently created a stir in film circles by denouncing a photoplay based on one of her short stories, has finally found an adaptation of one of her works that gives her great delight. The picture is "The Good Provider," a Cosmopolitan Production recently completed under the direction of Frank Borzage.

The people of Los Angeles say that when Cecil B. De Mille named his new picture "Fool's Paradise," he had San Francisco in mind.

McGuire, while playing small parts, was selected to play the only feminine role in the Laurence Trimble-Jane Murfin production, "The Silent Call," and is now back with the Sennett Company, but as a principal.

The salary which will be paid the winners is far greater than probably any other actress ever received for her first effort. Mary Pickford, probably the greatest money maker in pictures today, got five dollars a day when she started, and was paid only for the days she actually worked.

Whether or not the four winners of the PANTOMIME contest will have the fortune or ability of any of the young women mentioned here is something to be decided. Even if they never have another motion picture engagement, the time that they will spend as a member of the cast will be one of the most fascinating experiences they could ever have in a lifetime, and they will be paid \$100 a week while enjoying it.

Mr. Rafp and Mr. Nigh will be the sole judges of the contest. They are the men who are making the productions, risking their money and reputations in them, so that it can be certain that no other reason except an honest belief on their part that the successful entry is fitted for success in motion pictures will have anything to do with their selection.

Other details and the entry blank are printed on Page 31 of this issue of PANTOMIME. If you are between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five and never have been in pictures, fill out the entry blank and send it in for you may be one of the lucky "Big Four."

Breakfast with Ben Turpin

(Continued from page 28)

it's coming in fine. I don't ask theatre-owners. 'How did you like that last picture?' I sit tight and wait for the verdict of the kids."

Ben Turpin's best friend is Charlie Chaplin. They go duck hunting together many week ends. (And here's a tip to those Eastern fan magazines: The favorite week-end sport of Chaplin, Thomas H. Ince, Mack Sennett and Ben Turpin is potting the elusive mallard. No chance of a cameraman following them for a snap, however

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

In order to insure the editors against the inquiry being a publicity trick, to win extra mention of some particular actor or actress, all questions must be signed by the writer's name and address. This is for our own information and will not be published unless desired. In case a personal answer is desired, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your question. Personal answers will be made the day the query is received. Others will be printed as soon as circumstances permit.

Virginia F.—Conway Tearle is 40 years old and is married to Adele Rowland. He may be reached at the Lambs' Club, New York City. He is to be the leading man opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Duchess of Langeais." Wanda Hawley is 26 years old and is married to J. B. Hawley. Oh, no, Virginia, you may ask as many questions as you please. I can always answer them.

Eileen—"Theodora" is an Italian picture. Address Niles Welch at 1616 Gardner Street, Hollywood, Cal. He is Elaine Hammerstein's leading man in "Why Announce Your Marriage?" Jack Mulhall has left New York City for the Coast.

Nanette—Wallace Reid's latest picture is "The World's Champion." It seems to us that he is the "world's champion" in love-making. Rodolf Valentino achieved his greatest triumph in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Since then he has what you might call "run away with the people."

Blonde—John Barrymore is 40 years old. Address him at the Lambs' Club, New York City. Natalie Talmadge is the second oldest of the Talmadge sisters.

The trips are incog, sub rosa, entre-nous. And always to a different rendezvous.)

"Usually on Sundays," says Ben, "the wife and I get into the car and go. I like an open car but the wife prefers a closed vee-hay-kul. As you see, we compromised by getting a closed car."

There's nothing "Ritzzy" about Ben. When it came time to leave for the studio he gave his wife a long and tender good-bye kiss, despite the presence of the interviewer.

"No husband should leave his wife in the morning without a good-bye kiss," says Ben. "More divorces are caused by not kissing the wife good-bye than anything else. There's an art in it, too," says Ben. "First I kiss the wife. Then I turn my cheek and let the wife kiss me. We get double measure that way. And we both start the day feeling O. K."

They tell this story on Ben. Mack Sennett wanted him to sign a contract giving him more money. Ben said he didn't want a contract.

"Don't need a contract," said Ben. "Just tell the cashier to give me my money every week and that will do. When people want to break up a partnership, contracts don't amount to much. You want to give me too much money, Mr. Sennett. I wouldn't know what to do with a salary like that. No man can honestly earn so much."

And that's not a press agent's yarn, either.

Welch the Bolshevik

(Continued from page 24)

Sir Niles seemed perfectly willing to change the subject. Friend wife wasn't. She persisted. Finally they went out in the much-discussed yard itself, to talk it over.

The lumber consisted of a jumbled pile of two-by-four scantling. Sir Niles looked at it dubiously, while his better three-quarters explained in detail just what to do with it—and how much it would improve the appearance of the yard.

When we left Sir Niles was sitting on that pile of lumber thinking it over.

But Charlie Duprez tells me he was back at the apartment two days later, and that lumber hadn't been touched.

Four Jobs in the Movies Open to You

Each Paying \$100 a Week

AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL TO GET ONE

PANTOMIME has made arrangements with Warner Brothers to place four of our readers in the Movies

These four readers will be given *real parts* in forthcoming productions and will be paid \$100 weekly.

YOU DO NOT HAVE TO BE A BEAUTY TO WIN ONE OF THESE POSITIONS.

Beauty, of course, will not hurt—but it is not essential.

PANTOMIME and Warner Brothers are looking not only for beauty, but for TYPES.

If you think you have a face, and the ability to make a movie actress—in *any sort of a role*—send your answers to questions on entry blank. Send it to PANTOMIME, together with a photograph of yourself.

Mr. Harry Rapf and Mr. Will Nigh, producer and director of the productions in which the winners will appear, will be the judges.

That's all there is to it. No fee. No charge of any kind.

Just send a photograph of yourself to PANTOMIME, 1600 Broadway, New York.

Pictures of Contestants will be printed from week to week in PANTOMIME.

Here are the pictures in which the jobs are waiting for you:

FROM RAGS TO RICHES—FEATURING WESLEY BARRY.

LITTLE HEROES OF THE STREET—FEATURING WESLEY BARRY.

BRASS—THE FILM VERSION OF THE NOVEL BY CHARLES NORRIS.

MAIN STREET—THE FILM VERSION OF THE NOVEL BY SINCLAIR LEWIS.

The winner of the role in the first picture will be selected on May 7, 1922, and will begin work on May 15.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than May 1, 1922.

620
PHONE 6442 BRYANT
6443

WARNER PICTURES
1600 BROADWAY
NEW YORK.

Victor S. Dismat
Editor-in-Chief, Pantomime
1600 Broadway
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

Confirming our conversation of week last relative to the contest "Big Four" Contest, we submit the following data for your information.

Four young women will be chosen as winners. Each successful contestant will be given a part in one of the four forthcoming Harry Rapf productions, which will be distributed by Warner Brothers and will be paid \$100 per week for every week equipped.

The four forthcoming Warner attractions are:

"From Rags to Riches", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin May 15th, 1922.

"Little Heroes of the Street", featuring Wesley Barry, production to begin July 1st, 1922.

"Brass", the novel written by Charles D. Norris, production to begin September 1st, 1922.

"Main Street", the novel written by Sinclair Lewis, production to begin October 1st, 1922.

The judges of the Pantomime "Big Four" Contest will be Messrs. Harry Rapf and Will Nigh, producer and director, respectively of "My Girls Leave Home", "Remodel Days", with Wesley Barry, and "Your Best Friend" with Vera Gordon.

Very truly yours,

Eddie Burns

RECTOR OF ADVERTISING AND PUBLISHERY.

THOSE WHO TRY FOR THE FIRST ROLE BUT DO NOT WIN WILL ALSO BE CONSIDERED FOR ALL THE OTHER POSITIONS.

HERE IS YOUR BIG CHANCE TO GET IN THE MOVIES. HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET A REAL JOB ALMOST OVER NIGHT.

THERE IS NO CHARGE.

PANTOMIME IS DOING THIS FOR ITS READERS FREE.

REMEMBER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL. IF YOU THINK YOU HAVE A "SCREEN FACE" SEND US YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE COUPON.

PERHAPS YOU WILL REALIZE YOUR DREAM.

OR IF YOU DON'T WANT TO ENTER THE CONTEST YOURSELF. PERHAPS YOU HAVE A FRIEND WHO CAN WIN.

GET HER TO ENTER IT. IT'S FREE.

ENTRY BLANK

This blank is printed for your convenience. Plain paper may be used to answer questions.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____ State _____
Stage Name _____
(If you intend adopting one)
Age _____ Height _____ Weight _____
Color of Eyes _____ Color of Hair _____
Complexion _____
Reasons for wanting to get into the movies _____

This Entry Blank must be accompanied by one or more photographs of the person named in it. One of the photographs must be without a hat. Mark the name and address plainly on the back of each photograph.

The winner of the role in the second picture will be selected June 24, and will begin work on July 1, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than June 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the third picture will be selected August 24, and will begin work September 1, 1922.

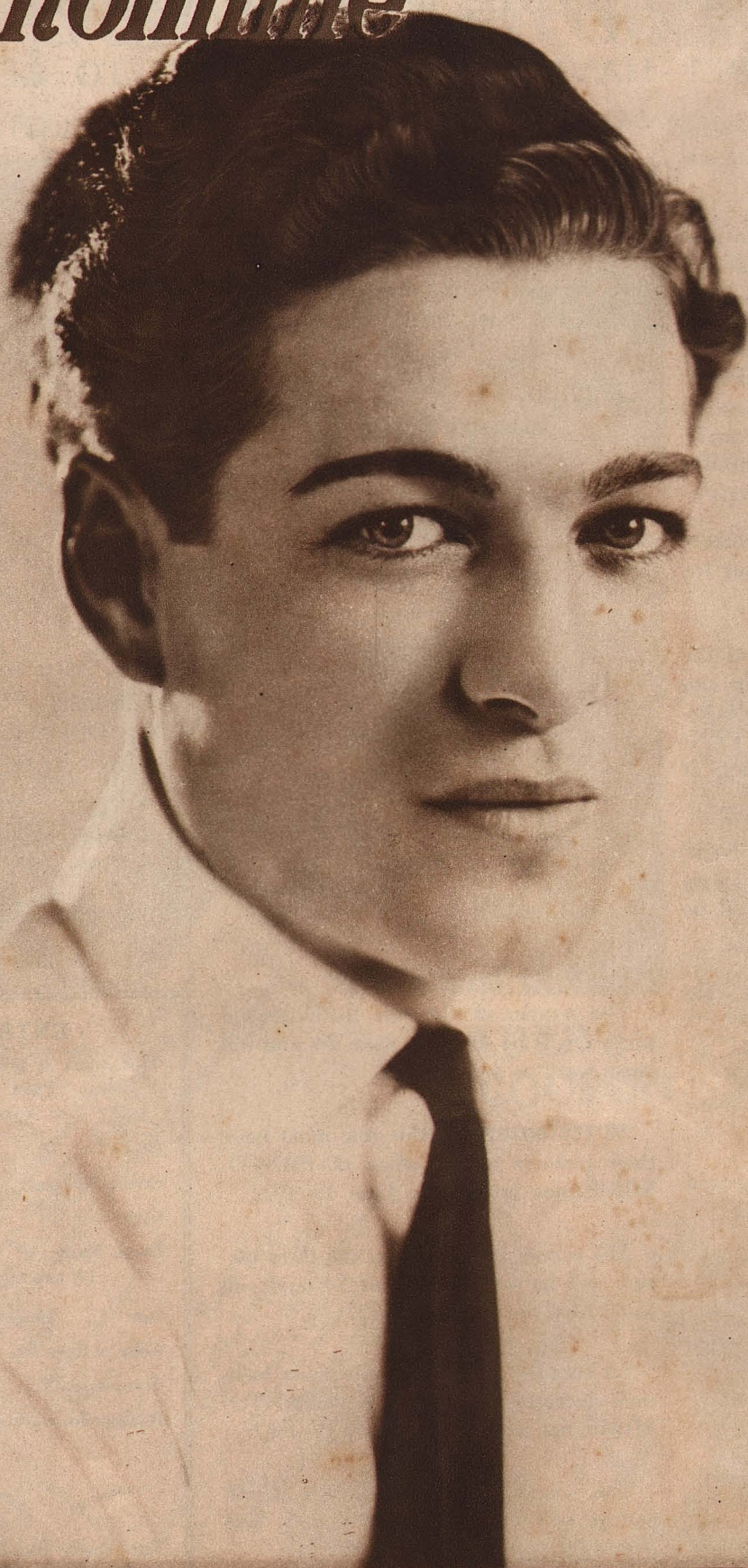
All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than August 15, 1922.

The winner of the role in the fourth picture will be selected October 8, and will begin work October 15, 1922.

All contestants for this role must have their pictures in the office of PANTOMIME not later than October 1, 1922.

\$ 22,000.00 in PRIZES

Pantomime



Cullen Landis